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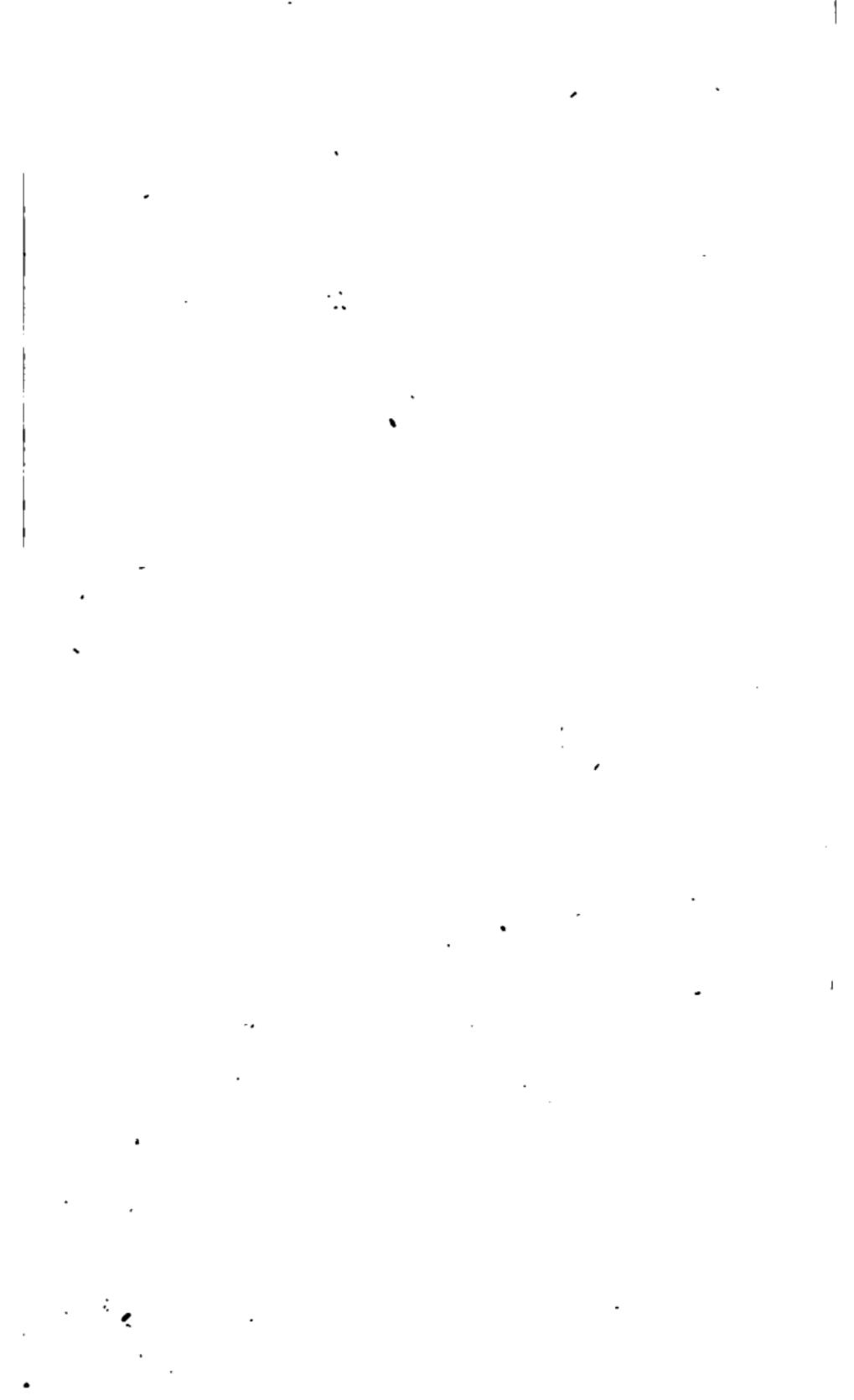


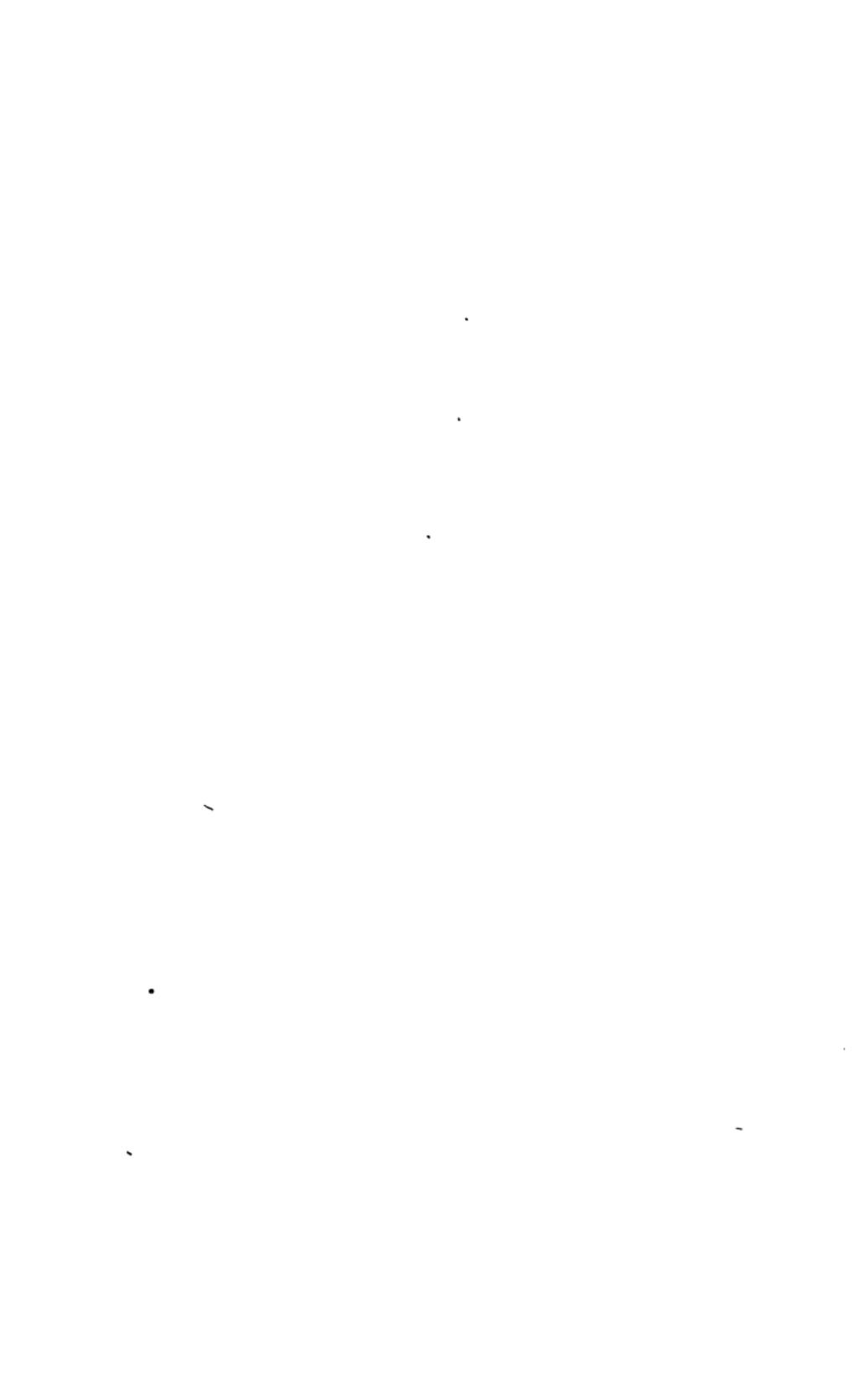


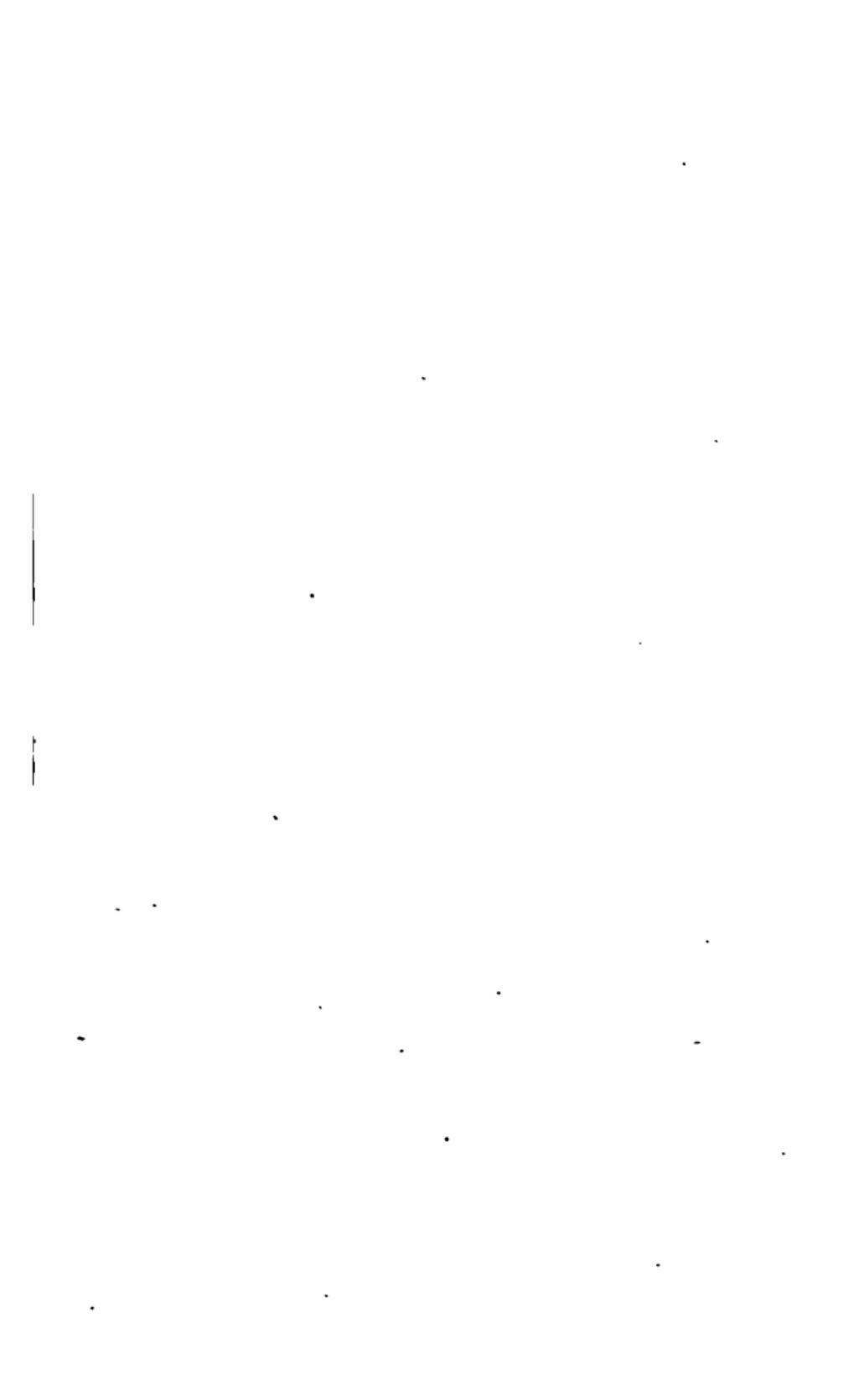
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P O E M S
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS:
BY THE
REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A.M.
LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Under this head of “Miscellaneous” are arranged those Copies of Verses, which relate particularly to the Author, his Family, or Friends.

TO MRS. BISHOP,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

“ **A** KNIFE,” dear Girl, “ cuts Love,” they say !
Mere modish Love, perhaps it may—
— For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate—what was never join’d.
The Knife, that cuts our Love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do ;
Must cut your Softness, Truth, and Spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of Merit ;
To level yours, with modern Taste,
Must cut a world of Sense to waste ;
And from your single Beauty’s store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.

That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, Judgment, Sight, for ever :
All Memory of Endearments past,
All Hope of Comforts long to last ;—
All that makes fourteen Years with you,
A Summer ;—and a *short* one too ;—
All, that Affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this Knife will chip the Moon,)
Accept my Present, undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the Herd.

If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—“ cut and come again !”

TO THE SAME,

*ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING DAY,
WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH DAY.*

WITH A RING.

“ *T*HEE, Mary, with this Ring I wed”—
So, fourteen Years ago, I said.—
Behold another Ring!—“ for what?—
“ To wed thee o'er again?”—Why not?
With that first Ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taste long admir'd, Sense long rever'd,
And all my MOLLY then appear'd.
If she, by Merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the Woman I suppos'd,

I plead that double Merit now,
To justify a double Vow.

Here then to-day, (with Faith as sure,
With Ardor as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the Rites divine,
I took thy Troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet Girl, my second Ring
A Token and a Pledge I bring :
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper Virtues to my heart ;
Those Virtues, which before untry'd,
The Wife has added to the Bride :
Those Virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as Love's.

And why ?—They shew me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, found Judgment's sentence,—
—And teach me all things—but Repentance.—

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH AN ORANGE-BERGAMOT SNUFF-BOX.

An husband, as in duty bound,
Presents, what an admirer found ;
(Pray start not, when you lift the lid !)
A portrait in a Snuff-Box hid :
Aye marry—and myself alone
Can boast th' original my own.

By nature's early cunning wrought,
This Box no *second* polish sought ;
Such in this form, as on the bough ;
Plain orange then, plain orange now.
Apt outline of a certain Dame,
Whose taste from nature's judgment came ;

To whom mere genius gives a style,
Which fashion ne'er could mend—nor spoil.

Our Boxes of more modish make,
From various sources value take ;
An artist's name ; an humourist's whim ;
The curious hinge ; the costly rim :
But all in this agree, they bear
No perfume, till we place it there ;
While modest Orange here, augments
From it's own store the richest scents ;—
A miniature complete, and true,
Of—why not speak at once ?—of you !—
Whose manner, in each part you fill,
Makes pleasure's self, more pleasing still.

'This Orange, in some former hour,
Had, like all oranges, it's sour ;
But soon that acid fount was drain'd ;
And endless fragrancy remain'd :
So, in the Woman I admire,
If pregnant sense, perchance, inspire

A little jest, a little tart,
'Tis from the fancy, not the heart;
Fancy—whose sour a moment quells;
An heart—where sweetness ever dwells.

And is not then the picture like?
And does not every feature strike?—
Yes!—And the world would own it too,
If what I've seen, the world could view;—
I, who with this poor gift and lay,
Thus greet again our Wedding Day;
And cent'ring in one friend and guide,
My joy's excess, my reason's pride,
Would for increasing love engage,—
Were every day to come, an age!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PEARL BUCKLE, AND VELVET COLLAR.

THE day declin'd ; the year was clos'd ;—
Beside his forge, tir'd Labour doz'd :—
A Golden Buckle, meant to deck
At morn's return my MARY's neck,
(Tribute mere justice long'd to pay,)
Half finish'd, on his anvil lay.

Benighted, (how, it matters not,)

LOVE, TRUTH, and TIME, approach'd the spot :
They saw th' imperfect toy ; they knew
Where, and from whom, and when, 'twas due.
“ What pity things should thus stand still,
“ Till yon dull Drudge hath slept his fill !

" Suppose," the three companions cry'd,

" Ourselves *our* joint exertions try'd."

The project pleas'd—so said, so done—

And each his several part begun.

From every Charm, that grac'd the Dame,
Some hint of decoration came.

For Bloom, that heaven's own painting shows ;
For Features, where high Feeling glows ;
For Looks, that more than language speak ;
For Sweetness, dimpling Humour's cheek ;
For Dignity, by Neatness dreft ;
Where still, whatever is, is best ;
For Powers, that call the captive eye,
From all nymphs else, when She is by ;
Yet make us, when she is not near,
Ev'n for her sake, her sex revere ;
For Softness, and for Strength of mind ;
Sense, ripe tho' rapid, keen tho' kind ;
For Liberal Purpose, and prompt Skill
That liberal purpose to fulfill ;

For Friendly Zeal's aspiring blaze ;
For Generous Joy in honest praise ;
For all, that can exalt thro' life,
The Woman, or endear the Wife ;—
Love, whose quick sight no facts evade,
A separate Pearl in order laid.

TRUTH, pearl by pearl exactly told,
Arrang'd them in the circling Gold ;
Announc'd their weight, from first to last ;
And set them close ; and clinch'd them fast.

TIME, o'er the whole a Polish threw,
Which brighter still, and brighter grew.

The work thus wrought, with equal haste,
The Workmen on this Collar plac'd ;
Then bade the fondest husband bear
The present, to the worthiest fair ;
Bade him salute with cordial lay,
Her *natal*, and her *bridal* day ;
And, his own suffrage to approve,
Appeal to TIME, and TRUTH, and LOVE !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PASTE BUCKLE FOR AN HANDKERCHIEF.



Gems, had I gems to send, would seem
Short of your worth, and my esteem.

But as no mortal wedded dame
Has *more* from grateful love to claim,
So ne'er did loving husband live,
Whose gratitude had *less* to give.

And yet the trifle I enclose,
Where only mimic brilliance glows,
Poor Paste (and poor it is indeed !)
Has something, ev'n as Paste, to plead.

Th' effect of borrow'd bloom to raise,
A Diamond's supplemental blaze

To many a bosom draws our view,
Where nothing, but itself, is *true* :
—This Paste upon your bosom wear,
'Twill be as great a contrast there ;
Of all within ye, and without ye,
The only thing *untrue* about ye.

On Merit's ground proud Diamonds go,
As who should say—" Thus we bestow :"
Paste comes to you, on terms less vain,
Not to bring beauty, but to gain ;
And therefore seeks, in suppliant tone,
To blend it's lustre with your own.

Whoe'er has seen you, must have seen,
How just to Nature's gifts you 've been ;
Secure th' applause of Sense to fix,
By Ease and Truth, not airs and tricks :
So rich, in talents so applied,
With nothing to affect or hide,
The Diamond's aid you well may spare ;
Much less can Paste deserve your care :

And yet for once, dear girl, consent
T' adopt a *needless* ornament :—
Nor scorn to have it understood,
Art *would* improve you, if she *could*.

When heralds Excellence describe,
They send us to the Jewel tribe ;
By *Sapphires* constant *Faith* display ;
Firm *Valour* by the *Ruby*'s ray :
And *Paste* will stand in *your* behoof,
Humility's best type and proof ;—
For while your equal head and heart,
(Supreme in each superior part,)
Show Virtues, more than Fancy's eye
Finds gems to blazon virtues by,
The simple Toy, you thus prefer,
(So mean, so honour'd,) will aver,
That ever, as Desert extends,
Ingenuous Spirit condescends.

No teeth of Time the Diamond fears ;
But lasts more *ages*, than *Paste* *years* :—

Yet *Paste*, by your acceptance crown'd,
For all the difference will compound :
To 've prompted, in what sort it may,
The verse, that hails this welcome day,
Then on your breast to meet it's fate,
Will counterpoise so short a date ;
And leave one solid praise it's due,
—That *while it shone, it shone for You !*—
Praise, which myself, who most despair
To shine, would only shine, to share !

TO THE SAME.**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.****WITH A VERY SMALL ALMANACK.**

WHILE in this tiny Volume's space,
The current year's records you trace,
(For which, arrang'd in common size,
Twelve times th' extent would scarce suffice,)
Allow plain truth in serious lay,
To state an obvious fact,—and say,
Your own high merit, amply told,
A Book, still less than this, might hold.
 Charms singly bright, may stand portray'd
In flowery diction's proud parade ;—

The briefest phrase will yours declare ;
"Tis but to say—that "*all is fair.*"

Genius, that blossoms, once an age,
May crave the long descriptive page :—
For yours, one little line has room ;
—'Tis Genius, *never out of bloom!*

Thro' all our years of married life
Would language signalize the wife,—
A period of five words will strike ;
For *every hour was good alike!*

No need of style prolix and quaint,
The mother, or the friend to paint ;—
Name but Benevolence—all the rest
A thousand memories can suggest.

Terms as concise, may serve as well,
Great as it is, *my Joy to tell* ;
And prove, what folios could but prove,
With how just wonder, pride, and love,

I boast, in one dear woman join'd,
All Grace of Form, all Power of Mind ;—
An Heart, by many a trial known,
All kind, all true—and ALL MY OWN !

*TO THE SAME.**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.**WITH A WORK-BAG OF SILK AND PAPER.*

SINCE our connubial bliss begun,
How many years their course have run ?
And, *if more dear could be*, more dear,
How Love has made you, year by year !
What wonder therefore, if my breast,
By one idea all possest,
Whene'er I think, whate'er I do,
Enjoys the slightest hint of You !
Ev'n in a Toy at random wrought,
Some features faithful Fancy caught ;

Whence Love could trace, and Truth portray,
The Wife and Woman of to-day.

In this same simple Bag, I see
A type of female Industry :—
And where's the Labour, where's the Care,
You 've fear'd to meet, or grudg'd to share ?
A scanty Lot the world supplies !—
—You make that scanty lot suffice.
Hope for a little moment gleams !—
—More liberal efforts prompt our schemes.
While sense improves a thousand ways,
What Patience bore, with equal praise :
And frugal Skill, correcting Taste,
Seems only Ornament more chaste :
Or Toils express, as each takes place,
How new exertions vary grace.

Two-fold Materials, aptly join'd,
To form this votive Bag combin'd :
A Silken Top invites our hands,
Whose Base mere humble Paper stands.

That Base, (too well experience knows,)
Your tender Frame's true semblance shows ;
Which pain now rends, now weakness wears,
And every ruder touch impairs :—
While, like the Silken Top, your Mind,
Preserves, unconquer'd tho' resign'd,
Gentle to sooth, firm to endure,
It's texture whole, it's lustre pure.

A Band, scarce obvious to the sight,
Extends this Bag, or draws it tight ;
Fit emblem of the secret clue,
(As delicate, and as powerful too,)
With which our judgments you controul,
And move, or fix at will, the soul :—
While all a daughter's feelings say,
'Tis mere indulgence to obey ;
And fondness knows not how to boast
An husband's pride, or pleasure, most.

When in this Bag, your care has pent
Each future needful implement,

'Twill be the perfect counter-part,
Of that large treasury—your heart :
Where gradual exercise hath stor'd
Whate'er makes merit more ador'd :
Where every grief your friends endure,
Expects it's comfort ; or it's cure !

Still, MOLLY, let that Heart find room,
For all th' extremes of mortal doom ;
To every sorrow round apply
A cordial, or devote a sigh ;—
But keep from all, save rapture, free
A corner there for Love and Me.

TO THE SAME,**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.****WITH HIS OWN PROFILE IN SHADOW.**

In many an emblem's better part,
I 've pictur'd oft, your head and heart ;
Permit me now to let you see,
A Shadow, that *should* look like me ;
The Shadow of a Man obscure,
In all, but one dear treasure, poor ;
Yet more than wealthy, happy too,
To call that *one dear treasure*—You !

The Shadow of a Man, whose eye
Could Worth in Beauty's form descry :

Mark'd where the worthiest charm the most ;
And saw in You, all each could boast ;
And seeing, lov'd ; and loving, thought,
The more he lov'd, the more he ought.

The Shadow of a Man, who knows
How likeness from affection grows ;
And his own Virtue best secures,
When most he feels, and honours Yours.

In short, mere *Shadow*, as it is,
Queer copy of as queer a Phiz,
This mimic bawble of a face,
Assumes a style, and claims a place,
All other Pride and Praise above—
—THE SHADOW OF THE MAN YOU LOVE !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A SILVER TEA-POT, AND OTHER PLATE.

AFFECTION, which in humbler *Toys*,
Has oft expressed it's annual joys,
Boasts no increase, assumes no state,
In these more gaudy gifts of Plate :
Small odds their previous *price* procures,
Their Worth commences, when they 're Yours :
And Love so just as mine before,
Was never less—nor can be more.

I knew you amiably great,
When hallow'd Union join'd our fate ;

Whatever part esteem inspir'd,
Or duty taught, or need requir'd,
Took from *your Spirit* double force ;
'Twas good—and it was *yours*, of course ;
Or, *vice versa* understood,
Was *yours*—and therefore it was good.

Imagin'd powers, if fiction drew,
Your real powers made fiction true :
If praise indulged a loftier tone,
'Twas praise of manners—like your own.

Years following years disclos'd to sight,
The same dear merit in new light ;
Merit, that every light could bear,
More varied, but to seem more fair.
Th' Address, that made my fondest hope,
The centre of it's earlier scope,
With equal latitude still shares
Th' acute excess of all my cares ;—
Now, drooping nature to sustain,
Smiles Comfort on the bed of pain :—

Now, shows me on how sure a base,
Temper and Sense build Taste and Grace ;—
Now, adds a plume to Fancy's flight :—
Now, points my views to nobler Height.

Meanwhile, thus cheer'd, assisted, blest,
I ('tis the most I can) attest
My grateful heart's applausive truth,
With paltry *Plate*, and *Rhymes*—forsooth !

Yet take 'em, Girl, as meant to prove
Tokens, not measures, of my Love :
If value, more than that, they plead,
They 're miserably short indeed !
No *Verse* can make my feelings known,
While Verse consists of words alone :—
No *Silver* give you half your due,
Till Silver is as pure as You !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

**WITH AN IVORY TOOTH-PICK CASE,
OF FRENCH MANUFACTORY.**

A Toy from France craves leave to pay,
With me, it's homage to the Day :—
A Toy indeed !—from France indeed !—
—That's all it pleads—or has to plead.

My little tokens, oft, of yore,
Your emblematic semblance bore :
But *this*, the portrait I propose,
By *not* resembling, will disclose.

Mark, to what polish Art has wrought
Materials never worth a groat!—
How different that from Nature's care,
Which form'd You good, as well as fair?
Produc'd a brilliant work 'tis true;
But from itself, it's lustre drew.

The Triflē, *à-la-mode de France*,
Shews all it's splendor at a glance:
But you in meek concealment shroud
Enough to make a thousand proud;
Outshine the vainest of the vain;
Yet *bide* more excellence, than *they feign*!

See where a wire-drawn circlet trim
Of cobweb gold, surrounds each rim;
Pure gold perhaps, and just so far
'Tis sterling, as your Virtues are;
But when for substance we enquire,
No contrast could be carried higher.

If any price the Bawble bear,
'Tis fashion's tax on foreign ware;

Fashion, that when your sense submits
To popular folly's prankful fits,
Improvement from your *Manner* makes,
And gives not half th' eclat it takes.

Observe the taudry Trinket shine
At once as useless, as 'tis fine :
But You, when most you please us, boast
Both will and power to serve us most ;
And prove superior judgment's light
As beneficial, as 'tis bright.

So short my Present's merits fall !
—And how precarious after all !
How slight a touch, how brief a space,
It's glossy beauties may deface !
While you to years, and years to you,
Devolve new grace, and influence new.

But wherefore, ('twill, of course, be said,)
Is such a worthless offering made ?
—Plain truth forbids me to disclaim
A very, very, selfish aim ;—

'Twas that, the *Gift* might soon be spurn'd;
And all your thanks, if thanks were earn'd,
And every kiss of thanks you'd spare,
Be, whole and sole, the *Giver's* share.

*TO THE SAME,**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.**WITH SOME TABLE FURNITURE OF CUT GLASS.*

ESTEEM, when this glad Morn appears,
Looks back on Gratitude's arrears ;
And conscious still of comforts new,
Whose value with their number grew,
Gives wedded Love, a double scope,
—How much to boast !—how much to hope !
“ Would Love,” you'll say, “ so very prone,
“ That boast to urge, that hope to own,
“ In brittle Glass an emblem find,
“ For Worth of such enduring kind ?”

Yes, Girl, affection can pursue,
On any ground, some trace of You ;
And ev'n in Glass, just cause explore,
To deem the past, a pledge of more !

From this same Glass, the workman's art,
Has cut, 'tis true, th' exterior part ;
And yet the loss the whole sustains,
Adds sevenfold price to what remains :
So time, that saps with gradual stealth,
Your prime of strength, your bloom of health,
Lessening *their* period, year by year,
Leaves all the residue more dear.

This Glass o'er which the tool has gone,
Puts new, tho' native radiance on ;
And where a deeper touch it shews,
From pressure, into polish glows ;
Till light in every angle plays,
Transmits more beams, reflects more blaze !
So toils, which resolute right procures,
Raise, by oppressing, minds like yours ;

Bring powers inherent into sight ;
Prove them at once, and *make* them bright ;
While patience multiplies, of course,
Each effort's lustre, with it's force.

This Glass, in short, whatever end
It's future fortunes shall attend,
Useful till broken, and when broke,
Crush'd, not obscur'd, beneath the stroke,
Will to transparent fragments pass,
A shining, tho' a *shiver'd*, mass :
So You, whatever hour to come,
Shall close your active virtue's sum,
Clear to the last, at last will know,
Ev'n under dissolution's blow,
That death (where life was what life shou'd)
Is only—ceasing to do good.
Then, sorrowing o'er a shock so rude,
Remembrance, Conscience, Gratitude,
Will treasure with religious care,
Each atom of a fame so fair :

“ Such Sense,” ’twill say, “ such genuine Taste,
“ Such Spirit, by such Manners grac’d,
“ Such bland Sensation’s liberal glow,
“ So frank with joy, so kind to woe,
“ Tho’ separate rays they now dispense,
“ Form’d once, one general Excellence ;
“ In BISHOP’S MARY long display’d
“ The Friend’s, Wife’s, Mother’s praise ;—and
“ made,
“ To honour’d age, from brilliant youth,
“ Her Bard, at leaft, the BARD OF TRUTH !

*TO THE SAME,**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.**WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.*

To you, dear wife, (and all must grant
A wife's no common confidant,)
I dare my secret soul reveal ;
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel.

This verse, for instance, I design
To mark a Female Friend of mine ;
Whom long, with passion's warmest glee,
I 've seen--and could for ever see !

But hear me first describe the Dame :
If candour then can blame me,—blame.

I 've seen *Her* charm at forty more,
Than half her sex, at twenty-four :—
Seen her, with equal power and ease,
Draw right to rule, from will to please ;
Seen her so frankly give, and spare
At once, with so discreet a care ;
As if her sense, and hers alone,
Could limit bounty like her own ;—
Seen her in nature's simplest guise,
Above arts, airs, and fashions rise ;
And when her peers she had surpass'd,
Improve upon herself, at last ;—
Seen her, in short, in every part,
Figure, Discernment, Temper, Heart,
So perfect, that till Heaven remove her,
I must admire her, court her, love her.

MOLLY, I speak the thing I mean :
So rare a Woman I have seen ;—
And send this honest Glass, that You,
Whene'er you please—may see her too !

*TO THE SAME,**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.**WITH THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.*

LONG us'd, in annual gifts to find
Some semblance of your form, and mind,
I stood resolv'd, this year, to make
One change at least, for changing sake ;
And by a powerful pencil's aid,
Present you with—Myself portray'd.

Vain scheme !—My Face the canvas shows ;
My Verse *no change of Object* knows ;
Fancy, tho' vagrant, faithful too,
Extends, but never quits the clue.

In justice to friend CLARKSON's skill,
Call it *my* Picture, if you will ;
Confess 'tis all, you wish'd it shou'd ;
Say 'tis as like, as he is good :
I join the suffrage, and rejoice ;—
But *your* idea prompts my voice,
When in the *Copy* you approve
The *Man*, who loves you, as I love !

Whatever lineaments I trace,
Some excellence of yours takes place.

That Eye, these rival tints display,
Recalls each livelong, rapturous day,
While, as new Grace round Beauty grew,
My real Eye dwelt all on You.
How oft, for Comforts *you* bestow'd,
With cordial sympathy it glow'd !
How oft, amidst despondence clos'd,
Safe in *your* Virtues it repos'd !
How oft, it glitter'd with delight,
If *your* approach engag'd it's fight !

How still, (so rich your Merit's store !)

It only sees, to wonder more !

Where art has sketch'd those Lips of mine

Resemblance lives along the line ;

I look— and own *my* features caught :

I think—and *you* inspire my thought :—

Quick to the lips reflection flies,

Whose theme my MOLLY's Name supplies ;

The Lips, whose vows so truly made,

Her Truth with interest has repaid ;

The Lips, which boast the double bliss,

To speak her praise—and claim her kiss.

Happy that stroke's expressive ease,

Which living Character can seize !—

Such strokes, such ease, I here discern ;

And back of course to You return :

“ Whence did th' original suggest

“ The Character so well express ?”

— “ Tis animation You impart :—

You point the look, who rule the Heart !

And if mere colours could reveal
In outward seeming, all I feel,
They'd show my joy, my pride, my hope,
My whole imagination's scope,
So full of You ; and You alone,
'Twere less my Portrait, than your own !

*TO THE SAME,**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.**WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL.*

'Tis a long list of happy days,
Since first I triumph'd in your praise ;
And still in all you did, or said,
Some new, some dear distinction read.

This truth, by various gifts confess
Perpetual inmate of my breast,
A Spinning-Wheel must now allege—
Affection's poor, but cordial pledge.
Accept it, Girl ; and with it, take
My reasons for the choice I make.

First, then, (howe'er unlike my trim,)
For Fashion's sake indulge the whim :
'Twill be but charitable zeal,
If, while you ply the modish Wheel,
You follow Taste, a step or two,
Till Taste may learn to follow you !

In your own sex's general name,
Your bland acceptance, next, I claim.
Can Fancy's self a feature trace,
Your animation would not grace ?—
Does Duty any task propose,
To which your spirit never rose ?—
Has Sense a function it procures
From acts or thoughts, more just than yours ?
—In active merit so complete,
What else could you adorn ?——Retreat !—
There shall this Wheel of mine attest,
“ Your leisure knows no *wasteless* rest ; ”—
And on that fact another found,
“ That Female Genius has no bound ; ”—

While with alert address you fill
Each interval of nobler skill ;
From higher aims, to humbler, fall,—
Still equal to yourself, in *All* !

When for my Wheel I intercede,
The cause of all your Friends, I plead :
For while your total virtue's height
Puts competition out of fight,
To *them*, your slightest works will stand,
Proofs of that virtue's vast demand ;
Will make your mere amusements tell,
Each character you bear, borne well ;
And every web your Wheel supplies,
A relique for esteem to prize.

Last, for myself, let me intreat,
My Wheel may prompt acceptance meet ;—
Myself !—whose fondest hope and care
Are centred in this single prayer,—
“ That while you twine the ductile threads,
“ Her treasures while Reflection spreads,

“ Recalls to each applauded part,
“ The suffrage of your conscious heart,
“ And raises from your feelings past
“ The glow, that will endear your last,
“ Some soft remembrance you'll devote,”
“ To *Him*, who sings this annual note ;
“ Proud, when the festive Morn calls forth,
“ His tribute to *one Woman's* worth :
“ Who loveliest of the lovely, stood,
“ Because still *best*, among the good !”

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A COMPLETE SET OF WORCESTER CHINA.

TIME, to our matrimonial score,
Sets up one year of union more :
And while at every period's close,
Th' accumulate total richer grows,
Bids hours of comfort, as they fly,
Bring me new joys—to reckon by.

Ev'n now (besides th' accustom'd glow,
Which round this festive Morn they throw,)
They deck with more immediate care,
The smile, my Gift and I shall share ;—

My Gift ; which under CHINA's name,
Asserts an ENGLISH artist's claim.

Wit, well I know, time out of mind,
Ladies and China-ware has join'd ;
While random Censure's flippant tongue
On *fair*, and *frail*, the changes rung.
How far your sex deserves the jest,
On more than Censure's charge should rest :
I deem it false ;—for if 'twere true,
Your sex, I'm sure, deserves not You !

Comparison, meanwhile, may found
Resemblance, on much surer ground ;
Resemblance, just, and obvious too,
By taking from your *Mind* it's cue :
There, China's propereſt uſe may trace—
Where ſocial Sense aids native grace !—
Thence China's happiest boāſt may draw—
“ All Excellence, without a flaw !”
Or noting, how with foreign dies,
Domestic manufaſture vies,

May, to this moment, from your birth,
Deduce a parallel of Worth ;
Worth, which peculiar powers extracts,
Ev'n from the sphere, wherein it acts ;
And in its home, of humble life,
Displays a Mother, Friend, and Wife ;
Whose like, the proudest Nations known,
Might feel new pride, to call their own.

Mark what a group of pieces met,
To make, in China-style, a Set.—
To make the parts you fill, so bright,
As great varieties unite ;
All showing, tho' distinctly plac'd,
One Pattern of superior Taste ;
All in one brilliant Whole combin'd,
Of Right and Useful, Firm and Kind ;
All functioning one faithful list,
Where not a Virtue e'er was mist !

The lot for sale at auction lay :—
“ And what of that ?” perhaps you'll say ;

—Marry, could then, the standers-by,
Have known for *wbom* I bought, and *wby*,
They'd forc'd me, for the good of trade,
To twice the bidding I had made :
For surely, 'tis but fair to state,
That purchase cheap at any rate,
Which coming, as this comes, a sign
Of Veneration, just as mine,
Love's votive mite to Merit pays,
Above all Price, as well as Praise !

TO THE SAME,**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.****WITH A POCKET-BOOK.**

ANOTHER year's demands I pay ;—
Another Gift ; another Lay ;
A Gift, a Lay, reserv'd to adorn
The twofold triumph of the Morn,
Which to the world, and me, benign,
First gave you *Birth* ; then made you *mine* :
A Gift, a Lay, which but reveal,
This moment, what in all I feel ;
Save that each joy, from time that springs,
More length of sweet remembrance brings.

Then, scorn not on these toys to look,
So mean a Verse, so blank a Book ;
One soft sensation if it raise,
That Verse will earn me more than praise :
To fill that Book, if you think good,
'Twill show forthwith, (what no *Verse* cou'd,)
How just, how ample action's scale,
When powers of Mind, like Yours, prevail.

Yet while successive pages bear
Your comprehensive range of care,
Each hint, from founder Sense that flows,
Each impulse friendlier Feeling knows,
Each purpose of superior strain,
Maternal, conjugal, humane,
To my sole claim one space affign,
Where both our signatures may join !—
—Where witness'd, in the name you shar'd,
When mutual troth our vows declar'd,
Frank as the heart, that gave your hand,
A sanction of my Love may stand ;

Of Love, which never yet, express'd
A preference, Truth could not attest ;
Nor e'er more cordial comfort fel'd,
Than what your kind Complacence dealt ;
Nor ever in idea rose
Above such Worth, as you disclose !
—Where my name too, next yours display'd,
May own that Love, with Love repaid ;
May boast a Wife, my favourite theme,
As well from justice, as esteem ;
May vouch, (what life shall ne'er forget,)
Affectionate approbation's debt ;
And bind me, ev'n with death in view,
To fix my dearest thought on You !
While the last gasp tir'd nature draws,
To sigh “ Farewell !” with, breathes Applause.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A GOLD WATCH.

MEMORY, this Morn, was turning o'er
It's treasur'd matrimonial store ;
All mutual troth had meant, or done,
Since those first vows, that made us One.

TIME, cross the spot, that moment flew,
And held his Hour-glass up to view ;
As who should say, “ No Union’s band
“ Arrests my course, or checks my hand :
“ In vain, tho’ life’s perplexing lot
“ Attempt to loose the sacred knot ;

" In vain, tho' pains and frailties try ;—

" My Scythe cuts, what they can't untie."

A tear that trill'd down Memory's cheek,

Confest, what language could not speak ;

And bade me, with the faithful Lay,

Which greets, once more, our Nuptial Day,

Commend, dear Mary, to your care,

The votive gift, the Watch, I bear ;

That when Time counts *his* reck'ning, You

May have *your* Regulator too.

For mine then, and for Memory's sake,

The sure, tho' silent Monitor take ;

And on it's surface when you trace

Your present Being's lessening space,

Let hints from past exertions caught,

To future scenes exalt your thought ;—

Adjust your judgment of events,

By facts *your* own Desert presents ;—

Recall th' applause to merit due,

At once, so various, and so true ;—

Renew the glow, complacence found,
Whene'er it dealt complacence round ;—
Revive the energy, which of yore,
Infirmity's frequent pressure bore ;—
Thro' fortune's fathomless obscure,
Lead patient worth, and purpose pure ;—
And strength to ev'ry spring impart,
Which actuates a Superior Heart.
— Whene'er, in short, beneath your eye,
The hours, in measur'd motion fly,
Let each a kind concern suggest,
For him, with whom you'll share the rest :
Think, all he asks of Heav'n to give,
Is with you, and for you to live !
Think, 'tis his prime ambition's scope,
His happiest theme, his dearest hope,
From labours too severe redeem'd,
Esteeming you, by you esteem'd,
Sustaining you, by you sustain'd,
To wait resign'd, th' award ordain'd ;

Enjoy your joys, sooth your repose,
Till Love and Life together close.

Let TIME, meanwhile, indulge his spite,
Swift as he is, his swiftest flight,
(Whate'er impressions mark his speed
Tow'rd that last home, for all decreed,) •
Will but attest AFFECTION's power,
To plant, in every step, a Flower.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A GOLD THIMBLE.

A THIMBLE!—“Whence,” plain sense might
say,

“ Came such a thought, on such a day ?

“ What ! after every ampler test,

“ Of Worth so tried, and so confess,

“ T’ address, by way of off’ring too,

“ An hint of Industry to You !

“ Could Love suggest a Gift like this ?

“ Or TRUTH approve it ?”—MOLLY, Yes !

All hints, you know, are but design'd
To bring *realities* to mind :
If Thimbles, therefore, types so clear
Of common Industry appear,
A Golden one, of course, may be
A type of Golden Industry ;
Of such superior stamp, as still
Yours ever bore,—and ever will.
This Youth has prov'd ; this Age will prove !
And so says TRUTH ;—and so says LOVE !

Th' illustrious Warrior, heretofore,
(His laurels won, his labours o'er,) Beside some trophyed shrine, display'd
The Sword, by victory, sacred made ;
That future Chiefs might see, and draw
More emulous zeal, from what they saw !
— If useful toils claim Honour's Prize,
Your Thimble, MARY, to the wife,
Will evidence of desert afford,
As just, as any Warrior's Sword :—



And when, (far distant be that hour !)
Your hand and mind resign their pow'r,
May pass, as sacred, to your heirs ;
Proof of *your* excellence !——pledge of *theirs* !
For who can separate, ev'n in thought,
Your Thimble now, from what you 've wrought ?
What work of yours was ever known,
In which no singular fancy shone ?
Could any applause, to fancy due,
Be more spontaneous ? or more true ?
Could truth give any virtuous merit,
More lustre, than your skill and spirit ?
Does any example meet our sight,
With more impressive energy bright ?
And when th' effect of all your taste,
Shall only be in Reliques plac'd ;
When votive verse no more shall earn,
The kiss, that blest this morn's return ;
Nor my warm heart with rapture share
The joy of boasting what you are ;—

Ev'n then your Thimble will remain,
Dear to ingenuous Sympathy's train ;
And Justice own how You surpast,
As long as Gold, and Memory last.

TO THE SAME,**ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.****WITH A BRILLIANT HOOP-RING.**

“ A RING ! again—And is it so ?
“ Does then Invention run so low ?
“ What ! could not such sincere esteem,
“ Find, once a year, some *novel* Theme ?”
Yes doubtless !—But in my design,
(Each votive Gift, each faithful line,)
Invention never labour’d yet :—
’Twas Truth’s prompt praise, ’twas Love’s mere
debt :
These still I ’ve brought ; these now I bring,
The same Heart,—tho’ another Ring !

Meant on my MOLLY's hand to shine,
And the *first* Pledge of Union join :
That while *her* Native elegance shows
How little, grace to splendor owes,
The radiant Circle's friendly plea
May speak a word or two, for *me*.

Perhaps, when *there*, henceforth she marks
It's glittering sparks succeed to sparks,
She'll think, how oft my joy confess'd
Each brighter part her life express'd :
And saw, in such gradation plac'd,
The rays of Genius, Sense, and Taste,
That scarce affectionate applause
Had known a limit, or a pause !

Perhaps, when she observes how pure,
How glowing, how intense t' endure,
The lustre every point displays,
Whose each new motion beams new blaze,
Her conscious Memory will return
To similar proofs of my concern ;

Attachment, whose perpetual care,
Her interests, merits, comforts share ;
Regard, which nothing could transfer,
Ev'n to a wish, estrang'd from her ;
Feelings, which Fate's eventful range
Did never chill, shall never change.

Perhaps, Reflection's eye will seize
An hint, from Brilliants, *hard* as these ;
Impassive substance ; firm to mock
Assailing pressure's rudest shock :
And thence a kind remembrance cast
On years of patient effort past ;
When her Exertion, Skill, Address,
Made all my Toils and Sorrows less :
Till emulous Perseverance caught
The Spirit, her example taught ;
And Hope, thro' pain, suspense, dismay,
Cheer'd by her aid, pursued it's way ;
Hope, doubly welcome, when it's aims
Unite my prospects, with her claims.

Perhaps, in short, sometimes by chance,
These Gems may catch her graver glance ;
And Thought suggest, how soon may fail
The voice, that loves her worth to hail !
Then, while her silent sighs ascend,
The Ring will bring to mind the Friend,
Th' Admirer, Lover, Husband, Man,
Who glorying in one favorite plan,
Resolv'd t' announce, in Time's despite,
(As long, at least, as Diamonds might,)
That Heav'n's award to him assign'd
The Best and Dearest of her kind !

TO THE SAME.**CANTERBURY, AUGUST 28, 1789.**

I.

Will you hear a new sing-song, of hey! diddle derry?
How a Bishop ran rambling to fair CANTERBURY?—
A Bishop by name, tho' no Bishop indeed,
Un-Doctor'd, un-Lordship'd, un-Mitred, un-See'd:
Derry Down.

II.

This Bishop left All, when his journey he took ;
Nay his own better half, his dear Wife, he forsook ;
From whence you'll perceive, if at Irish you laugh,
That this Bishop's All—was an All and an half:
Derry Down.

III.

But a truce with this paddy-cal, punnical scrawl,
Whose sense, when you 've found it, is no sense at all :
Our torrent of wit let us wisely contract ;
And glide on in plain terms, to plain matter of fact :

Derry Down.

IV.

Master BISHOP, to do things a little in style,
Took a seat in a Dilly, at so much per mile,
And because the best company suited his palate,
Had on this side a Brim, and on that a French Valet :

Derry Down.

V.

Monsieur to the Lady meet rapture address,
With whose beauty our sight was so happily blest !
Tho' the Dame, if appearance will authorise guessing,
Was experter in blasting of eyes, than in blessing :

Derry Down.

VI.

The Bishop sat wishing with many a pout ;—
Wishing what?—Why the end of the journey, no doubt ;—
For tho' tempted, he scorn'd, for mere Charity's sake,
To wish *their* necks broke—*while his own was at stake* :

Derry Down.

VII.

But luck, which had play'd him full oft a dog-trick,
For this once, in his life, stood his friend in the nick ;
And by changing about at Stone's End, he was carry'd
With a rich Kentish Squire, and a Maid he had marry'd:

Derry Down.

VIII.

So leaving the Dilly and also it's Vermin,
To make love, or be hang'd, as their fate shall determine,
He got safe in good quarters, in fair CANTERBURY :—
And thus ends this queer sing-song of hey! diddle derry:

Derry Down.

TO THE SAME.

CANTERBURY, AUGUST 29, 1789.

I.

THRO' tower-crown'd battlements I stray,
Whence Kings th' assault of rage defy'd ;
Or take 'midst gorgeous shrines my way,
August remains of priestly pride.

II.

Those priests so proud, those kings so great,
Their pomp and power, have long resign'd ;
Tho' haply at the hour of fate,
They figh'd—for what they left behind !

III.

I pity them, alas!—and why?
Ev'n now a similar grief I share;
Who think of GOLDER'S HILL *, and sigh,
For *what I left behind me THERE!*

* Golder's Hill, Hendon, where the Author had a country-house; a place deservedly celebrated in an Ode by Akenfide.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A PRESENT OF PICKLED OYSTERS.

I HOPE, you'll not quarrel
With this little barrel;
Nor scornfully stickle
Against oysters in pickle,

Since so freely they pass
O'er your palate in sauce.

If the Critics look cross,
As if *sauce* should be *saucy*;
Let them tie their wit up,
While on oysters you sup :—
And as soon as you 've done,
If their tongues then must run,
Let them take for their pains, what these tubs left
behind 'em,
And lick the *shells* clean—if they know, *where to*
find 'em !

TO MISS BISHOP,**ON A VISIT AT RICHMOND.****SUPPOSED TO COME FROM A FAVORITE PERSIAN
KITTEL.**

'Tis but a *little* wish I send,—
Accept it from a *little* friend.—
May the whole period of your stay
Be jocund, as a Kitten's Day !
Your temper and your manner shine,
Sprightly and innocent, as mine !
May Pleasure's self, for your dear sake,
A portion of my likeness take !
Be brilliant, as the eye so blue ;
Be spotless, as the snowy hue ;
Be frequent, as the frisks ; and yet,
Smooth, as the fur, of your—MINETTE !

TO THE SAME,

AT RICHMOND.

MARTIAL. BOOK IO. EPIGRAM 47. IMITATED.

- ¹ THE things, my dearest girl, that please
In visitants like you——are these :
- ² —POLITENESS, that appears inspir'd
By Nature, not by Art acquir'd :
- ³ SENSE quick to learn, and glad t' inform :
- ⁴ GOOD-HUMOUR ever frank and warm :

MARTIAL. L. x. Ep. 47.

- ¹ Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
- ² Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
- ³ Non ingratus ager; ⁴ focus perennis;

5 WILL, that contends not : 6 NO EXCESS,
Nor needless FREQUENCY OF DRESS :
7 An HEART that is, and seems SERENE :
8 YOUTH's active EASE : 9 HEALTH's cheerful
MSEN :

10 Prudent SIMPLICITY : 11 A Mind,
To social GENTLENESS inclin'd :
12 An APPETITE, that scorns no Treat ;
13 Yet most enjoys the simplest Meat :
14 SPIRITS from Morn to Night that last,
By no affected Gloom o'ercast :
15 MIRTH not extravagant, nor loud :
And SERIOUSNESS nor cross, nor proud :

5 Lis nunquam ; 6 toga rara ; 7 mens quieta ;
8 Vires ingenuæ ; 9 salubre corpus ;
10 Prudens simplicitas ; 11 pares amici ;
12 Convictus facilis ; 13 fine arte mensa ;
14 Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;
15 Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus ;

- ¹⁶ A firm Resolve in Act and Thought,
To be the very thing you ought ;
¹⁷ Whate'er you do, where'er you go,
Sleeping and waking, still to show
For Friends abroad all just concern ;
¹⁸ Nor long, nor scruple to return.

¹⁷ Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras ;
¹⁶ Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis :
¹⁸ Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

TO THE SAME,
WITH A SILVER SEAL, WHICH HAD BELONGED
TO THE AUTHOR'S FATHER, SET IN GOLD.

LET this Domestic Relique prove,
If not your Father's wealth, his love ;
Of all *his* Father once enjoy'd,
The only Relique not destroy'd ;
Devolving, by unquestion'd claim,
On You—sole Heiress of—our Name.

If, when your Grandfire's Arms you view,
Nature should catch th' affecting cue,
And prompt a pious wish t' explore,
What Form, what Mind, that Grandfire bore,
The very Seal, those Arms which shows,
Some prominent Features will disclose :—

The *Silver* marks his mental store ;
Pure, unambitious, useful Ore :
While ever, like the *Gold*, his Deed,
Each moral Touchstone's test could plead.
—For other traits my pencil trust :
Tho' faint the tints, the lines are just.

A Stature, full, compact, erect,—
A Manner, to command respect,—
An Eye, that look'd a friendly joke,—
The frank, but firm OLD BRITON spoke.
Well-principled, well-inform'd, well-skill'd,
He dignified the part he fill'd ;
Wrought no man's wrong—nor e'er delay'd,
When injur'd right requir'd, his aid :
Stern to condemn, tho' slow to wound
The guilt his keen discernment found ;
To fraud inflexible ;—yet prone
To mitigate suffering folly's moan ;
And spare the criminal, while he gave
To sure conviction all the knave :

By Craft, at once admir'd and fear'd ;
By Sense approv'd ; to Worth endear'd.
Tho' crush'd by pain, entomb'd he lay,
Ere *your* eyes open'd to the day,
Myself have heard, on public ground,
Within the passing year's short round,
Surviving evidence proclaim
Spontaneous reverence for his name ;
While thus the cordial suffrage ran,—
“ ‘Twas generous **GEORGE**, the Upright Man !”
How few among the sumptuous shrines,
Where proud mortality reclines,
Boast merit, on that basis rais'd ?
So long remember'd ?—or so prais'd ?
If aught in his contracted sphere,
An Heart so manly, Hands so clear,
By Spirit nerv'd, by Fortune crost,
With Honour earn'd, with Patience lost,
May that arrear, whate'er th' amount,
Be plac'd, dear Girl, to your account !

To you, may Heav'n's award benign,
The Health, to him denied, assign !
To you, with this his Seal, make o'er
His right to *Better Days*, of yore !
And add, your own Deserts to grace,
All Time's old Debts, to all your Race !

TO THE REV. THOMAS CLARE.

LEFT AT THE BAR OF THE SOMERSET-HOUSE
COFFEE-HOUSE.

WHERE are the Wits, extoll'd of yore ?
Like Master BISHOP—GONE BEFORE—
—Where's Master BISHOP ?—As they are,
/GONE FORWARD—but *not quite so far*!
—Him and his ways, three words explain—
The—Pit—Orchestra—DRURY-LANE.

TO MISS DICKINS,

WITH A COPY OF MOORE'S FABLES.

Books, my dear Girl, when well design'd,
Are moral Maps of human kind ;
Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,
The Road to Worth and Wisdom lies.

Severe Philosophy portrays
The steep, the rough, the thorny ways :
Cross woods and wilds, the Learned Tribe
A dark and doubtful path describe :
But Poesy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns, and verdant meads ;

And if perchance, in sportful vein,
Thro' Fable's scenes she guide her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's Garden glitters round.

I, SALLY ! (who shall long to see
In you, how good your Sex can be)
Before you range with curious speed,
Where'er that Garden's beauties lead,
And mark how MOORE could once display
A scene so varied, and so gay,—
Beg you, for introduction's sake,
A short excursive trip to make
O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,
Which my more humble care hath drest :
Where, if a little flow'ret blows,
From pure Affection's root it grows.

A Virgin Rose, in all the pride
Of Spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,

Above the vulgar Flowers was rais'd,
And with excess of lustre blaz'd.
In full career of heedless play,
Chance brought a BUTTERFLY that way :
She stopt at once her giddy flight,
Proud on so sweet a spot to light ;
Spread wide her plumage to the sun,
And thus in saucy strain begun :

“ Why, but to soften my repose,
“ Could Nature rear so bright a Rose ?
“ Why, but on Roses to recline,
“ Make forms so delicate as mine ?
“ Fate destin'd by the same decree,
“ Me for the Rose,—the Rose for me.”

A tiny Bug, who close between
Th' unfolding bloom had lurk'd unseen,
Heard, and in angry tone address
This rude invader of his nest :

“ For thee, consummate fool, the Rose !
“ No—to a nobler end it blows :—

“ The velvet o'er it's foliage spread
“ Secures to me, a downy bed :
“ So thick it's crowding leaves ascend,
“ To hide, to warm me, and defend :
“ For me those odours they exhale,
“ Which scent at second hand the gale ;
“ And give such *Things* as thee to share,
“ What my superior claim can spare !”

While thus the quarrel they pursu'd,
A Bee the petty triflers view'd ;
For once, reluctant, rais'd her head
A moment from her toil ; and said ;
“ Cease, abject animals, to contest !
“ They claim things most, who use them best.
“ Would Nature finish Works like these,
“ That Butterflies might bask at ease ?
“ Or Bugs intrench'd in splendor lie,
“ Born but to crawl, and doze, and die ?
“ The Rose you vainly ramble o'er,
“ Breaths balmy dews from every pore ;

“ Which yield their treasur’d sweets alone
“ To skill and labour like my own :
“ With sense as keen as yours, I trace
“ Th’ expanding blossom’s glossy grace ;
“ It’s shape, it’s fragrance, and it’s hue ;
“ But while I trace, improve them too :
“ Still taste ; but still, from hour to hour,
“ Bear home new Honey, from the flow’r.”

Conceit may read for mere pretence
For mere amusement, Indolence ;
True Spirit deems no study right,
Till Profit—dignify Delight.

TO THE REVEREND MR. FAYTING.

(ON A BROOMSTICK.)

1779.

“ **W**RITE on a BROOMSTICK, Friend,” you cry’d:
“ **W**rite *on*, and *for* YOURSELF,” fays Pride.
How shall I both commands fulfil?
You ought to rule me, and Pride will.
What if I try, in one design
Duty and Vanity to join?—
And while I urge the BROOMSTICK’s plea,
Describe, how it *resembles* Me?
Perhaps you may approve the hint;
Tho’ if you should, there’s danger in’t:

May I, with stedfast mind and phiz,
Taking the world, as the world is,
Make such philosophy my own ;
Glad to let—*well enough*, alone !

True to its proper part, and place,
The Broomstick scorns to push a face :
And I that maxim to a tittle
Pursue, some think too far a little ;
More prone to quit the ground I 've got,
Than claim a rank I merit not ;
Conscious how scanty, at the most,
Is all Truth *can*, or Sense *would*, boast.

Witches, 'tis said, on Lapland's coast,
Astride their Broomsticks travel post :
So when the Muse is pleas'd to back
My *wooden* Genius for an hack,
Away she scampers, like a Witch,
Thro' thick and thin, cross hedge and ditch ;
As if resolv'd, before we part,
To break her own neck, or my heart.

Broomsticks on no punctilio stand,
Ready alike for every hand :
So I my skill and powers would suit,
(Powers how confin'd ! skill how minute !)
To any need, at any call !—
Be useful—or not be at all.

One semblance more of me (God knows)
The Broomstick, too exactly, shows ;
By bands—long ! long ! perhaps to last!—
'Tis, like myself, to *Birch* bound fast !
—And shall things ever thus remain ?—
'Tis fair to hope, tho' not complain.
I bear, meanwhile, what must be borne :
And when to a mere Stump I'm worn,
Let this Eulogium on my Tomb stick,
“ *Here lies—THE MODEL OF A BROOMSTICK!*”

TO THE REVEREND DR. ALTHAM.**THANKS FOR A PRESENT OF A PIG.**

WRITTEN UNDER AN EMBLEM OF ELOQUENCE, REPRESENTED BY THE FIGURE OF A MAN EXALTED ON A PEDESTAL, AND HOLDING THE EARS OF HIS AUDITORS IN STRINGS.

FROM a scrub book, no matter what,
This Type of Eloquence I got ;
But think, with better right and grace,
Your Pig may take the Speaker's place.

For, from the moment I drew out
From straw and packthread it's round snout,
I 've listen'd to the news it brings,
As if it held my ears in strings.

Ask you upon what theme it dwells ?
—Hear then the tale, a dead Pig tells ! —

First, Sir, and foremost, thus it saith,
“ That Rumour is not ground for Faith.”
—No great discovery I allow;—
Yet mighty welcome doctrine *now*:
For Rumour you must know, with too many
Sad symptoms of a PERIPNEUMONY,
Had laid you *up*—and would, no doubt,
Ere long have kill’d, and laid you *out*.
But this same pig of yours alleges,
(And for it’s truth it’s carcase pledges,
Whereto it adds, by way of proof,
A label scrawl’d with your own hoof,)
That you (let Fame lie more or less)
Two properties at least possess
Of Men alive, and fit to live—
—An *hand* to write—an *heart* to give.

Moreover, it sets forth, as fully,
As if 't had studied under TULLY,
That, spite of changes and of chances,
Time, distance, and cross circumstances,

An odd old Comrade's name can fill
One corner of your memory still ;
An honour, truly worth my getting :
A joy, that shrinks not in the wetting :
To which, had I the life of Nestor,
I would subscribe my—*Ita teſtor.*

Am I then an ill estimator,
Who call your Pig a PRIME ORATOR ?
No.—If 'tis ELOQUENCE's part
To give a fillip to the heart,
Try Pigs, and Speech-makers *ad libitum*,
When, where, and how you please, exhibit 'em,
Yet from earth's surface to it's centre,
You'll never find an eloquenter.

So much for rhyme.—*Descende, PEGASE !—*
—What ! and forget Dame HANWAY's Legacy !—
The Pig indeed spoke not a word on't ;
Perhaps, because it never heard on't ;
Perhaps, because it would not puff :
—But JEM's * authority's enough :

* Dr. Altham's brother.

And JEM has stated an account
Of Goods and Monies ; — whose amount
Will fill with plate *your* shop, and *his* shop ; }
Your pockets ; and I hope your wish up ; — }
Whereof God give you joy ! — Yours, BISHOP. }

TO MR. AND MRS. SCOTT.

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

“ **W**HAT Dower has gentle **K**ATE to show ? ”
— Good-humour’s comfortable glow ;
 Voice, gesture, looks, that say,
One tried in pious Duty’s part,
A Maid with all a Mother’s heart,
 Becomes a Bride to-day.

Let **HIM**, whose prudent choice prefers
Her, and endowments such as hers,
Give bliss, as he is blest ;
Devote his own, to aid her powers ;
With love relieve her careful hours,
With love—endear the rest.

Let **KATE** with sweet complacence earn,
With grace receive, with joy return,
Each proof of tender zeal ;
For every praise, have every plea ;
Be—all the fondest Wives can be ;
Feel—all the happiest feel.

TO THE
REV. GEORGE STEPNEY TOWNLEY,
ON THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1779.

WHAT shall the Father hope, the Mother pray,
When their Girl's eyes first open to the day?

That ductile Spirit, simple Truth,
And pregnant Sensibility,
May lead up Infancy to Youth!—
And every prank of playful glee
Still seem to say, “ This Babe was born
“ A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn !”

That year by year, new female Grace
To manlier Judgment may be join'd !
Her Genius animate her Face !

Her Manner indicate her Mind !—
A Face, a Mind, that shew her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn !

That her full Form, and perfect Powers,
The Worthy, and the Wise may strike ;
And Love, to bless her married hours,
Conduct and match her to her Like !—
One, who shall know, and boast her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn !

That her capacious heart may take
Grateful, the share of Good decreed !
And comfortable Candour make
All she enjoys, be Joy indeed !—
Joy, whose pure glow may prove her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn !

That never insult, loss, or pain,
May work an heavier weight of Care,
Than conscious Honour can disdain,
Or provident Discretion bear !

While meek Complacence speaks her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn !

That Age insensibly may creep !
And her last look may see survive
An Offspring of her own, to keep
Her Likeness, and her Name alive !

Then may she die, as she was born,
A ROSE OF BEAUTY, WITH NO THORN !

TO MR. WOODWARD*.**SONNET,*****IN IMITATION OF MILTON.***

HARRY ! (whose apt and quaintly pregnant skill
O'er prompt obedient features could diffuse
Each tint of wayward Humour ; while the Muse
Thro' all her fleet lubricities, at will
Pursued the Changeling ; limning portraits still,
Which mimic Art doth animate, and use
For worthiest ends ; sith therein Folly views
Her own form,—conscious, tho' she laugh her fill,—

* HARRY Woodward, born 1714, died April 17, 1777.

Haply so best confronted !) What to THEE,
The Public Ear hath ow'd, unquestion'd stands ;
Whenas thy Powers, aye rising in degree,
Rais'd tiptoe Expectation's high demands ,
And to the Scene gave that abundant glee,
Which to applaud long task'd a Nation's hands !

ON THE
*DEATH OF DR. ISAAC SCHOMBERG **.

COULD drugs of more immediate power,
By skill more opportune apply'd,
Protract, for man, the vital hour,
No Friend of SCHOMBERG's e'er had dy'd !

* ISAAC SCHOMBERG, M. D. died March 1780.

Could warm Benignity of soul
Arrest the arm up-rear'd to kill,
Death would have felt the bland controul,
And SCHOMBERG had been living still!

**CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND
JAMES TOWNLEY,**

**FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS³
SCHOOL.**

**INTRODUCED IN AN EXERCISE, SPOKEN AT THE
FIRST PUBLIC EXAMINATION OF THE
SCHOLARS AFTER HIS DECEASE.**

* * * * * For one lost Friend
A tear will trickle, and a sigh ascend.—
Never did Friend Love more parental prove ;
Never did Father bear more friendly Love ;

Largely benevolent ; minutely just ;
Above Disguise, because above Distrust :
Sure, if he err'd, to err on Candour's side ;
And only proud, to shew Contempt of Pride :
Frank, but not forward ; without Rigour, right ;
With Genius modest, and with Truth polite.
Lively, yet liberal, his convivial Joke ;
Warm Humour pointed it ; Good-nature spoke.
Rich was his Fancy ; tho' unlabour'd, neat
His Phrase ; and chaste, tho' comic, his Conceit.
His Wit was Satire, by Address disarm'd ;
The Manner won, ev'n whom th' attack alarm'd ;
Save, when at Vice — to Vice alone a foe —
Full in the face of Day, he aim'd his blow ; —
Or sped, unseen, th' effectual Shaft ; while Fame,
That hail'd the Triumph, knew not *whose* the
Claim.

CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND NICHOLAS FAYING.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

On this same Spot, the Muses first
His infant dawn of Genius nurst :
On this same Spot, they soon confess'd
His toils to public use addrest ;
His care coercive, yet benign,
Endearing stricter discipline ;
And blending in the Teacher's part,
The Censor's eye, the Parent's heart.
In Priestly Character, his zeal
Was what Conviction ought to feel :

Inflexibly severe, to tread
Where personal Duty's limits led ;
And live in act, and be in thought,
A Comment on the Truths he taught.

His social hour's conspicuous merit
Was cheerful, yet corrected, Spirit ;
That rais'd in each surrounding breast,
The same Good-humour it express'd.

His Judgment was a ray, that glow'd
To light strong Sense, thro' Reason's road :
Trac'd Worth's true price ; and left Deceit
To work at will, it's own defeat.

His Charity had a double drift,
To give—and to conceal the gift ;
Anxious to see the Good it dealt,
Not number'd, not describ'd—but felt !

Excellence so rare, from human view,
With Him, you lov'd so long, withdrew :—
—Yet why the falling star deplore ?—
Heaven gains one Luminary more !

The Light his Life has ceas'd to give,
Will ev'n in his example live :
And Memory's grateful Incense burn,
Diffusing Radiance from his Urn !

MEM : SAC :

MATT. DISNEY—ARCHIB. BRAKENRIDGE.

SPIRITS!—long loos'd from mortal care!—
If haply down your fields of air
A momentary glance ye cast,
And see a lonely lingerer stray
Thro' paths, where oft in prankful play,
With you his younger foot hath past !

Accept the sudden tear, that steals
Along his cheek.—For sure he feels

The genuine impulse of the Muse ;
Who leading Memory back to you,
Friends as ye were !—reminds him too,
What Friends *himself* was doom'd to lose !

GODSTOW, JULY 12, 1775.

EPITAPH ON MRS. HAND,
IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GILES,
CRIPPLEGATE.

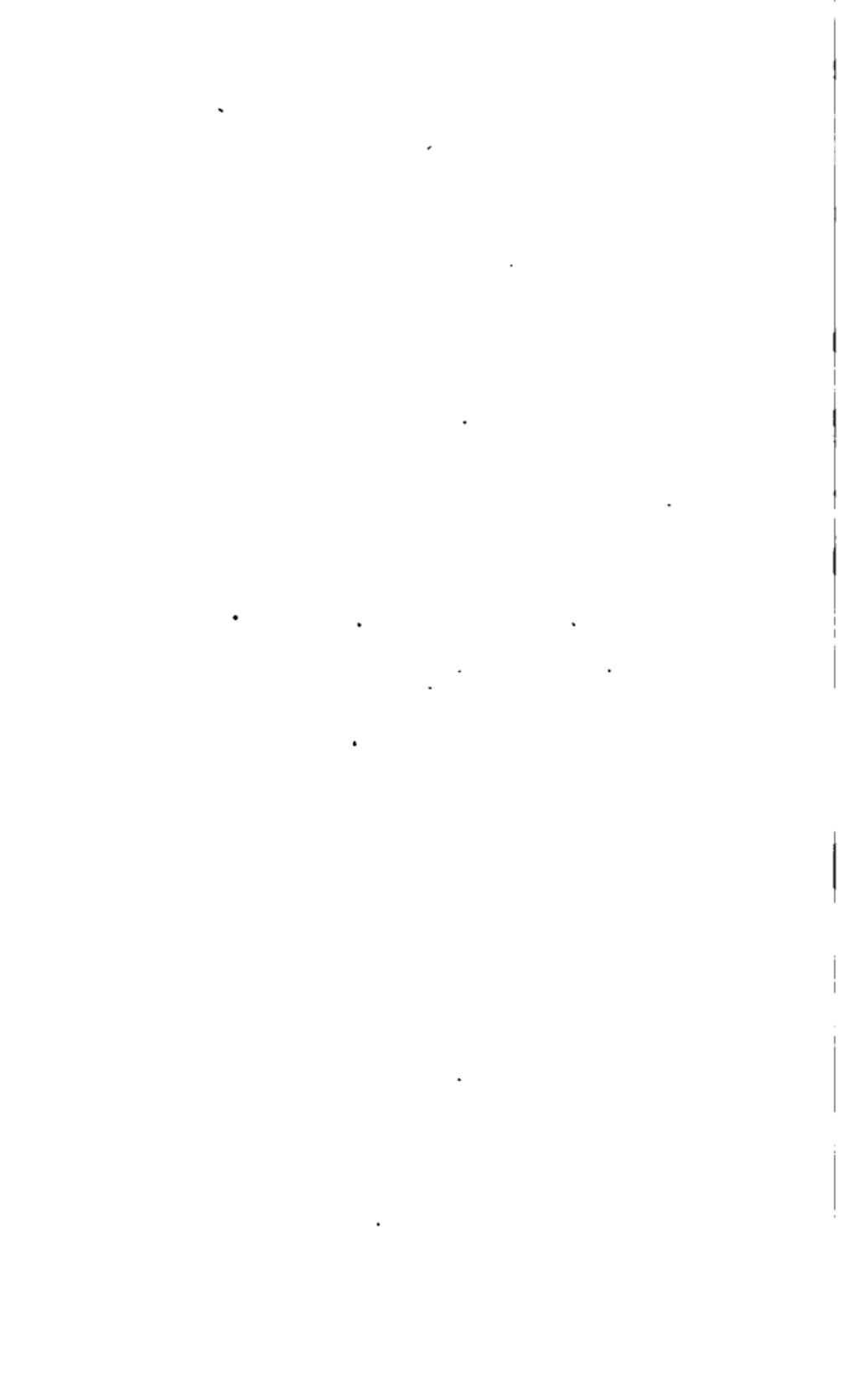
For worth so dear, th' eternal tear might flow ;
And Love would sanctify an Husband's Woe :
But Truth the record of that Worth displays,
And takes from Sorrow, what it gives to Praise :
Alternate claims his grateful heart divide ;
And Memory's Misery is Affection's Pride.

INSCRIPTION,
DESIGNED FOR A BATH,
AT THE ROOKERY NEAR WOTTON IN SURRY.

Thou, Virgin Health! who turn'st with scorn
away
From Luxury's lure, and Riot's rude assault,
To crown the genuine joy of Labour's day,
Or feast with Temperance in the moss-grown
vault,

Wilt oft henceforth, if right of thee we deem,
When Hope shall here her azure pinions lave,
Ascend propitious with the bubbling stream,
And love to greet her in so pure a wave.

EPIGRAMS.



*EPIGRAM.**HOC AGE.*

A VICAR in a certain vale,
His farmers thus address'd ;
“ As much, good friends, as you love ale,
“ So much do I love rest :

“ One humming cag, behind the stairs,
“ This cellar key secures ;
“ Bate me but half to-morrow's prayers,
“ And half that cag is yours.”

Doctrine so feelingly propos'd,
His eager audience snapt ;
The morrow came ; the church stood clos'd ;
The humming cag was tapt.

Bumper by bumper, jug by jug,
A gradual vacuum made ;
Till hollow round the mid-way plug,
Alarming echoes play'd.

“ Doctor !” exclaim’d a child of fun,
“ O ! heed what we implore !
“ And since so far so well you ’ve done,
“ E’en do a little more !

“ Snug as we are, thus hand to fist,
“ What pity ’twere to wag !—
“ Rest the whole day, if so you list,
“ And give us—all the cag !

ANOTHER.

“Τοῖσιν πρᾶξεσσι.

SAYS BUTLER, “ Hebrew roots are found
“ To flourish most in barren ground.”

The reason is extremely plain—
Hebrew, observe it where you will,
Is *set* the wrong end foremost still,
And therefore *grows*—against the grain.

ANOTHER.

PLUS, MINUS.

A DUTCHMAN's breeches, in full taste,
Two contrasted extremes divide ;
Buttons, like platters, at the waist,
And studs, like peas, along the side.

Each size presents, in emblem true,
A genuine DUTCHMAN's constant trim ;
The *large*—marks what he'd get by *you*—
The *little*—what you'll get by *him* !

ANOTHER.**STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.**

IN ROME of old her TITUS bore
The noblest, gentlest mind ;
Lord of the world ; and what was more,
The friend of human-kind ;

Supreme in virtue, as in rank,
'Twas his exalted plan,
To reckon every day a blank,
That had not blest it's man.

How great ! how Godlike ! to survey
The suppliants round a throne ;
And giving each an happy day,
Make glorious—all his own.

ANOTHER.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

To Childermas day some object,
Some Friday deem a bad day ;—
But **WILL**, by no such notions check'd,
Lets no day be a sad day :

More cheerful still, as more in debt,
He makes each day a May-day ;
Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
But for that queer day,—*Pay-day* !

ANOTHER.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

WHEN EUCLIO a snug fuddle chose,
For want of better conversation,
His man was call'd (the story goes)
To share a *tête-à-tête* potation.

By the mere force of grave hob-nob,
Bumpers flew faster still, and faster ;
“ Master, my *service* !”—“ Thank ye, Bob !”—
“ Here’s to ye, Robert !”—“ Thank ye,
“ Master !”

Such busineſs, follow’d up so cloſe,
Soon brought them to th’ end o’ the tether;
They paſſ’d their day ; they took their doſe ;
Star’d, ſtutter’d, ſtagger’d, ſnor’d together.

Thus bout, at home, ſucceeded bout ;
For *there* was no restraint before ’em ;
But when occaſion call’d them *out*,
’Twas proper to preſerve decorum :

And therefore they agreed to make
A *bond fide* ſtipulation,
Strict turn and turn, abroad, to take ;
One drunk, one sober, in rotation.

The first day was the Master's right ;
And each perform'd the part decreed him ; ·
The Squire was reeling ripe by night,
And Robert cool enough to lead him.

Soon after Robert's day came round,
When to a neighbouring peer's they fally'd ;
Whose tap so free, whose ale so found,
With Robert's taste exactly tally'd :—

But in the pith of all his pride,
A summons from his Master caught him,
Who took him cunningly aside,
And thus in foaming style besought him :

“ Robert, I've had *my* day, I know ;
“ And this, I know, to thee is due for 't ;
“ But wouldst thou now thy claim forego,
“ Hereafter I'll allow thee two for't.”—

“ ‘Tis hard,” quoth Robert, “ to deny,
 “ And from my soul I pity you, sir ;
 “ But what you ask, is more than I,
 “ ‘Tis more than fate itself can do, sir.

“ Tho’ mild as mother’s milk, it be,
 “ His lordship’s stingo ’s wond’rous heady :—
 “ The day is three parts spent, you see,
 “ And I am *three parts gone already!*”

ANOTHER.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

A THOUSAND objects of desire,
 On foreign coasts you ’ll view ;
 Now art, now nature’s works admire,
 Here splendor, there virtù :—

But blessings which at *home* you see,
 Sublimer joy suggest :
 Old ENGLAND gives you Liberty ;
 And that gives—all the rest.

*ANOTHER.**QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.*

No plate had JOHN and JOAN to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight ;
One only tankard crown'd their board ;
And that was fill'd each night ;—

Along whose inner bottom—sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby ANGEL's face.

JOHN swallow'd first a moderate sup ;
But JOAN was not like JOHN ;
For when *her* lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd, till all was gone.

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair ;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot ;
She lov'd to see the ANGEL there,
And therefore—drain'd the pot.

When JOHN found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd ;
And where the ANGEL stood so plain,
He got a DEVIL portray'd.

JOAN saw the horns, JOAN saw the tail,
Yet JOAN as stoutly quaff'd ;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

JOHN star'd, with wonder petrify'd ;
His hair stood on his pate ;
And " Why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
" At this enormous rate ?"—

" Oh ! JOHN," she said, " am I to blame ?
" I can't in conscience stop :
" For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
" To leave the DEVIL—a Drop!"

*ANOTHER.**QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.*

THREE strangers blaze amidst a bonfire's revel ;
The Pope, and the Pretender, and the Devil.—
Three strangers hate our faith, and faith's defender ;
The Devil, and the Pope, and the Pretender.—
Three strangers, will be strangers long, we hope ;
The Devil, and the Pretender, and the Pope.—
Thus in three rhymes, three strangers dance the
hay :
—And he that chuses to dance after 'em, may.

*ANOTHER.**QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.*

JOHN BULL, whene'er the maggot bites,
Cropfick with ease and quiet,
Raves about wrongs, roars about rights ;
All rumpus, rage, and riot.

But if a foreign foe intrudes,
JOHN tells a different story ;
Away with fears ! away with feuds !
All 's Union, Triumph, Glory !

He scorns DONS, DUTCHMEN, and MOUNSEERS,
And spite of their alliance,
With half the world about his ears,
Bids t'other half Defiance !

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

VIRTUES, and fashions, jointly share
All ENGLAND's pride, all ENGLAND's care ;
From foreign fops, and coxcomb courts,
Fashions, by wholesale, she *imports* ;
But let it, to her praise, be known,
OLD ENGLAND's VIRTUES—*are her own!*

*ANOTHER.**QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.*

ONLY mark how grim CODRUS's visage extends !
How unlike his ownself ! how estrang'd from his
friends !

He wore not this face when eternally gay,
He revell'd all night, and he chirrup'd all day.
Honest CODRUS had then his own house at his call ;
'Twas Bachelor's, therefore 'twas Liberty Hall :
But now he has quitted possession for life ;
And he *lodges*, poor man ! in the *house of his wife* !

*ANOTHER.**QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.*

ON travelling our ideas run,
When we lament a buried brother—
“ Toor Tom's *gone* under ground,” says one ;
“ Tom's *gone* to his long home,” says t'other.

Whatever terms describe th' event,
One truth of each dead friend we know :
He's gone—where all *before* him *went* ;
And where all *after* him—*must go*.

ANOTHER.

QUÆRE PEREGRINAM.

ONCE Native of a distant coast,
Her Sex's and her Country's boast,
Th' applauding World had seen ;
Her—BRITAIN's Genius knew design'd,
The Friend, and favourite of Mankind ;
And claim'd her for a *QUEEN* !

Whate'er distinctions we may raise,
'Twixt foreign and domestic praise,
In this we all concur :
Wherever born—'tis Worth alone
Makes *Her* so fit for such a *Throne*,
And such a *THRONE* for *HER*.

ANOTHER.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHEN Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plastering dearee's head ;
Who sigh'd ; but dar'd not shake it !—
'Tis well Tom's pace is something flower ;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it !

ANOTHER.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WOULD Fate on me two luckier hours bestow,
I'd give 'em to my friend, and to my foe :—
One to embrace the partner of my heart ;
And so to meet, as never more to part :—
And one, from him who hates me to retreat ;
And so to part,—as never more to meet.

ANOTHER.**FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.**

WHILE JOE moves all too quick, or all too slow,
No hour of joy can be the hour of JOE :
But NIC (fly rogue !) is ne'er too slow, nor quick ;
The nick of time is still—the time of NIC !

ANOTHER.**FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.**

WHEN HARRY's shrill beldame thinks proper to
stray,
“ Come hang out the broom, HAL,” his neighbours
all say,
“ And throw every care on the shelf”—
‘Tis a fortunate hour, which full dearly he earns ;
For ‘tis twenty to one, but when Madam returns,
He’ll be ready to hang out—himself !

*ANOTHER.**BREVIS ESSE LABORO.*

You may talk of your houses of Commons and
Lords,

Of the strength of their lungs, and the length of
their words;

But in spite of their Cons, and in spite of their
Pros,

They that speak to the point—are the *Ayes* and the
Noes!

*ANOTHER.**BREVIS ESSE LABORO.*

Celia her sex's foible shuns;

Her tongue no length of larum runs;

Two phrases answer every part:

One gain'd—one breaks—her husband's heart;

I will, she said, when made a bride;—

I wont—thro' all her life beside.

*ANOTHER.***BREVIS ESSE LABORO.**

On Folly's lips eternal tatlings dwell :
Wisdom speaks little—but that little, well.
So length'ning shades the fun's decline betray ;
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

*ANOTHER.***BREVIS ESSE LABORO.**

LET poets for goddesses rack their invention ;
Let philosophers dress up ideas of virtue ;
Let historians to merit invite our attention,
While fable, or fancy, or fact, they recur to :—
We can put all they say, aye and more, all they
mean,
 '
Into one little syllable's compass—the **QUEEN** !

*ANOTHER.***BREVIS ESSE LABORO.**

WHILE with longs and with shorts, all our heads
are so full,
I'll tell you an English grammatical bull :
Compare the word "short," and you'll find it confess,
That "shorter" is longer, and "shortest" longest.

*ANOTHER.***QUALIS AB INCEPTO.**

BY never-failing cunning taught,
Her arts the spider plies ;
And ambush'd in the web she wrought,
A fell assassin lies.

By never-ceasing rashness led,
The fly pursues his way,
Bolts on the snare his heedless head—
A self-devoted prey.

Nature upholds her general reign
By everlasting rules :
Her spiders would be *knaves* in vain,
Unless her flies were *fools*.

ANOTHER.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

HATCH'D all from alien eggs, along the meads,
The jocund hen a troop of ducklings leads :
But when the dangers of the pool they brave,
And plunge intrepid in the dreadful wave ;
High beats her fluttering heart ; she calls ; she
cries ;
And restless round and round the margin flies.—
Alike unalter'd, nature's powers occur ;
Instinct in them, parental care in her :
The offspring's deed proclaims a race unknown ;
A mother's feelings prove the brood her own.

*ANOTHER.**QUALIS AB INCEPTO.*

CURIO, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic, and old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told—

“ Follow the thief,” replied the stander by ;
“ Ah ! Sir !” said he, “ these feet will wag no
“ more !”
“ Alarm the neighbourhood with an hue and cry”—
“ Alas ! I ’ve roar’d as long as lungs could
“ roar !”

“ Then,” quoth the stranger, “ vain is all en-
“ deavour ;
“ Sans voice to call, sans vigour to pursue ;
“ And since your *bat*, of course, is gone for ever,
“ I ’ll e’en make bold to take your *wig*—Adieu !”

ANOTHER.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

LODG'D in pure hands, the very ore refines ;
 What merit earns, with honour we can hold ;
 An honest penny, a base pound outshines ;
 The gold of Fraud is brass—the brass of Virtue,
 gold !

ANOTHER.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

WOmen, it seems, whoe'er pay scot and lot,
 May serve church-wardens, overseers—what not ?
 For so in solemn fort the Courts aver'd,
 Term. Hil. the 28th of GEORGE the THIRD.—
 O ! Lawyers ! Lawyers ! who such suits abet,
 Think what you hazard for the fees you get !
 The very arguments you now devise,
 In time to come, against yourselves may rise ;—

And prove, as well equipp'd for wordy war,
A Bench of Grannums—and a Female Bar!

ANOTHER.

Κριτικα χαλκεων.

WHEN once, VOLTAIRE, with jealous rage,
Attack'd our SHAKESPEARE's glorious page,
To give abuse a glost,
In FRENCH translation's awkward mould,
He first debas'd the genuine Gold,
Then judg'd it by his dross.

Vain impotence of critic spite !
SHAKESPEARE's old sterling, solid, bright,
All tastes and times will fuit :—
While the pert FRENCHMAN's baser mass,
If rank'd at all, will rank with brass ;—
And worthless brass, to boot.

ANOTHER.

Κρύστα χαλκεῖων.

HEED not the tales the smuggling crew repeat!
They'll surely cheat you, who teach you to
cheat :
He deals, to lose, who takes base means to save :
'Tis a fool's purchase, when it makes a knave!

ANOTHER.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

Κρύστα χαλκεῖων.

YOUR venerable Chaplain * once,
(Tho' now with age he bend,)
Train'd *bere* the scholar, lash'd the dunce,
A Master, and a Friend.

* Mr. FAYTING.

To profit by his well-known care,
 His child a Butcher brought ;
 And all the needful to prepare,
 A dictionary bought.

Before a week it's course had run,
 The Butcher came again—
 “ Take back your book, give back my son,”
 He cried, with might and main :—

“ *Larning!* —’tis money thrown away,
 “ Such *Larning* to procure :
 “ The book don’t show, the boy can’t say,
 “ What’s Latin—for a *skewer* !”

ANOTHER.

PAR PAR.

WHAT boiling, melting, squeezing, mixing, stirring,
 To make our English punch are all concurring :—

The Scotch receipt to simpler modes resorts ;
—To two full quarts of brandy—*add two quarts.*

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

FAME says, there are (we hope Fame fibs)
Among our modern youth,
Who lace around their dainty ribs,
A pair of stays, forsooth !

Fortune ! howe'er in different ways
Thou settlest rank, and riches,
O ! match these milksop males in stays
With wives—that wear the breeches !

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

OBSERVE the barrister expand
A copious length, and breadth of band ;

Who when a college smart of yore,
A snip scarce statutable wore ;
And yet 'tis nothing hard to trace
Proportion's rule in either case :
The band in academic station,
Was little—like his application ;
But now, encreas'd by due degrees,
'Tis large, and ample—as his fees !

ANOTHER.

PAR. PARI.

FOR every living thing on shore,
Our naturalists agree,
The acute observer may explore
Some counter-part at sea.

One proof this rule's not strictly true,
Our BRITISH TARS will stand ;
Who ne'er by sea their EQUALS knew,
Nor yet their *like*—by land.

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

OLD GULO, one day, gravely shaking his head,
To his comrades a lecture of temperance read :
“ In all eating, and drinking, proportion pursue,—
“ That’s my method,” said he—and indeed he said
true :
For wherever good wine, and good ven’son he found,
He would drink ye *three bottles*—and eat ye *three
pound*.

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

IN an old Rabbi’s book, this story’s given ;—
When EVE and ADAM first were man and wife,
Ten vessels full of Speech came down from
Heav’n,
Nine out of which the woman kept for life.

In active pow'rs of head, and hand and heart,
ADAM, no doubt, surpass'd his consort far ;
Yet EVE had wherewithal to play her part ;
Nine words in ten—set all upon a *par* !

ANOTHER.

PAR PARIS.

WHEN Doctors, twenty years ago,
Wore wigs of venerable flow,
A bodkin fword's diminutive stump
Stuck right across each physic rump ;—
Whose short dimensions seem'd to say,
“ Our object is to save, not slay.”
An emblem apt enough, I trow.—
But wicked wits pretend to show,
For fwords so small, an apter still—
—“ We 've other ways than *one*—to kill !”

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

No Fame of Thrones, that whilom were,
No Thrones that now are seen,
Show such an Exemplary Pair,
As BRITAIN's King and Queen.

From Worth so long, so well display'd,
Allegiance argues thus ;
As *they* were for *each other* made,
So *both* were made for *us*.

ANOTHER.

PAR PARI.

“ MADAM !—My Dear !—I bid !—I beg !—
“ Don’t !—Don’t be dogged—Prythee, PEG !”—
“ Why look ye, Lovee !”—PEG reply’d ;
“ Like meat, like sauce !—Like spouse, like bride !”

“ If a tartar you ’ll be, you a tartar shall catch !—
“ Coax and kiss ! here’s your wife ! Huff and cuff !
“ here’s your match !”

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN Sloth puts urgent business by,
“ To-morrow’s a new day,” she’ll cry.
And all *her* morrows prove it true,—
They ’re *never us’d*—and therefore *new* !

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN ENGLAND’s foes her follies view,
Each day, each hour, shows something new ;
But let them try in *Arms* their skill,
And ENGLAND—is OLD ENGLAND still !

*ANOTHER.**IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.*

In due regard to modern taste,
Tom Dope, the village squire,
Along a barn, in prospect plac'd,
Three scraps of paint-smear'd windows trac'd,
And half a Gothic spire.—

Thus in antiques by fashion's lore,
The sham thing hides the true one ;
The barn, top, bottom, sides, and floor,
Was an *old* Ruin heretofore—
And now 'tis made a *new* One !

*ANOTHER.**IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.*

" There's nothing new beneath the sun"—
So ancient wit's decisions run ;

But wit no match for facts is :—
 For I know things, and so do you,
 Tho' everlasting, ever new !—
 What think you, sirs, of Taxes ?

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

’TWIXT those Poets of old, and our Poets of late—
 One perpetual distinction holds true :—
 The New in a twinkling are all out of date ;
 The Old—will *forever be new* !

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

“ READ ! Read ! ” the thread-bare Poet cries ;
 “ New powers of verse I bring :
 “ At every line new beauties rise,
 “ Spontaneous while I sing !”

Poet ! thy boast would seem more true,
 One fact if thou could'st quote ;
 Had powers and beauties all so new,
 Procur'd thee——a *new coat* !

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

TOM WHIFFLE changes every day ;
 But that's but half the curse ;
 He changes evermore one way ;—
 To wit—from bad to worse !

ANOTHER.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN CHARLES the First the sceptre bore,
 Each grave Divine, I trow,
 A silken cap all sable wore,
 With nine straight hairs below.

The Restoration's jovial day,
Chang'd, with the men, the mode,
And orthodox heads, in broad display,
The flaxen buckle shew'd.

In ANNA's reign, from general view,
Th' enormous flaxens fled :
And lo ! perukes of milk-white hue,
Succeeded in their stead.

These, too, incur'd by lapse of years,
Disuse, tho' not disgrace :
New clerical brows requir'd new gears ;
And grizzles took their place.

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd
The feather'd foretop's peak :
Yet still the solemn bush remain'd,
To flank the rosy cheek.—

But *now!*—forgive the conscious muse,
That feels her verse too bold :—
What fashions *modern* Reverends use,
You need not here be told.—

Tho' new their taste, while they adopt
Their good forefathers' ways,
The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,
Have all their claim to praise.

ANOTHER.

SPLENDEAT USU.

“ *Aye!* Honesty's a jewel,” RICHARD cry'd,
“ That shines the clearer still, the more 'tis try'd.”
“ True, Dick,” quoth JEREMY—“ yourself may
“ shew it,
“ Your honesty's so clear —we all *see through it.*”

*ANOTHER.***SPLENDENT USU.**

SEE ! stretch'd on nature's couch of grass,
The foot-sore traveller lies !
Vast treasures let the great amass ;
A leathern pouch, and burning glafs,
For all his wants suffice.

For him the sun it's power displays,
In either hemisphere ;
Pours on VIRGINIA's coast it's blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise ;
And shines to light it—**HERE** !

*ANOTHER.***SPLENDENT USU.**

WHEN all, a people for a KING can feel,
Burst into voice,—an unison of zeal,—

The QUEEN so long rever'd, and lov'd so well,
Heard the glad theme the general shout employ ;
And 'midst the thunders of affectionate joy,
Dropt a warm tear, that sparkled as it fell.

But oft, if right the Muse the future read,
Will similar praise, to similar feelings lead,
While Virtues like her own, her name endear ;
Th' effect is but proportion'd to the cause ;
Her tear will still do honour to applause,
And new applauses still call forth her tear.

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

If matters have been stated ill,
In Chancery you may mend your *bill* :
But mending bills, three times in four,
Is only giving scope for more :
When legal flaws keep suits depending,
'Tis the *bill-maker*, that wants *mending* !

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

THE RUSSIAN husbands, as we 're told,
 Their wives to due correction hold,
 Whene'er they act or judge ill :—
 “ Love me and love my dog,” we cry ;
 But their rough discipline seems to imply,
 “ Love me, and love my cudgel.”

ANOTHER.

CORRIGE SODES.

“ To our ruin point-blank,” quoth the Patriot,
 “ we run ;
 “ Whether doing or undoing, both ways undone ;
 “ And Government nods to it's fall :”—
 But whatever we risque, or whatever we lose,
 Let the Patriot but stand in the Minister's shoes,
 And that single amendment—mends all !

*ANOTHER.**CORRIGE SODES.*

MANKIND, tho' satirists with jobations weary us,
Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd ;
The first of which is — trifling with things serious ;
And seriousness in trifles — is the second :
Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,
And fools will be as scarce—as wise men now !

*ANOTHER.**CORRIGE SODES.*

EXPERT physiognomists teach us to trace
All another's defects in the lines of his face,
By infallible rules, if we mind 'em :
But methinks, with respect to the faults of our
neighbour,
'Twould be much better worth a philosopher's
labour,
Could he cure us—of looking to find 'em !

*ANOTHER.**CORRIGE SODES.*

To a noted optician, a simple grave man,
In these terms his address for assistance began ;—
“ If with me, like my neighbours, you think ’twould
 “ succeed,
“ I would purchase a glaſs, that would help me to
 “ read.”

Number this, number that, no effect could produce ;
Concave, and convex, were alike of no use ;
The shop was all rummag’d for old ware and new ;
But nothing came of it—for nothing would do.

“ ‘Tis ſtrange,” ſaid the artist, “ you fee none the
 “ better ;
“ Cannot all these varieties ſhow you a letter ?”

“ Show a letter?” quoth he, “ yes, by hundreds
“ they show ‘em ;
“ I can *see* fast enough; what I want—is to *know*
“ ‘em.”

ANOTHER.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

WHEN two fond souls for **GRETNA GREEN** en-
gage,
From wise restraint, by rash elopement freed,
Love sits postillion ; and at every stage,
Inspires new passion, while he adds new speed.

Thus they go forth—but how will they return ?
Ev’n on the road, perhaps, ordain’d to prove
A truth, which folly, first or last, must learn,—
“ That sore REPENTANCE drives as fast as
“ LOVE !”

*ANOTHER.**VIRIS ACQUIRIT EUNDO.*

To serve five churches in a day,
The curate mounts his steed ;
Thro' towns, prayers, sermons, wings his way,
And all three-quarter's speed.

All did I say ?—why then I said
A thing beside my text ;
The last with double haste is sped,—
Because the dinner's next.

*ANOTHER.**VIRIS ACQUIRIT EUNDO.*

A PUBLIC spirited peer, we 're told,
Mechanic powers had found, and try'd ;
By which a ship her course may hold,
Without the help of wind or tide.

Two wise observers, Tom and Will,
 Found means th' experiment to see ;
 And turn'd and twisted all their skill,
 To settle how the thing could be.

“ It can't stand still, because it goes,”
 Exclaim'd at last sagacious Will ;
 “ True,” answer'd Tom, “ and I suppose,
 “ It goes—because it can't stand still !”

ANOTHER.

VIRIS ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

THO' far from BRITAIN, BRITAIN'S worthiest
 pride,
 The World's great Patriot, generous HOWARD, dy'd,
 Let not our sorrow blame his wish to roam :
 With such an heart, as such a life display'd,
 An heart, which all Mankind one Family made,
 To travel—was but to enlarge his HOME !

*ANOTHER.**VIRIS ACQUIRIT EUNDO.*

IN our forefathers days, for once in his life,
The squire brought to LONDON his daughter and
wife,

And great was the fuss and ado :
But henceforward, ye squires, let this trouble
alone !
For if LONDON grows on, as of late it has grown,
It will soon — *make a visit to you !*

*ANOTHER.**VIRIS ACQUIRIT EUNDO.*

IN CHINA, when a husband's praise
The beauties of his wife displays,
Among her charms, he never fails
To rank her growing length of nails.

— 'Twould give our married men some fear,
Had beauty such a standard here !
For sure (I speak it with concern)
Things *might—sometimes*, take such a turn,
That as a lady's talons grew,
Her passions might get stronger too !
Tongues without nails (excuse me if I 'm wrong)
Are always long enough—if not too long.

ANOTHER.

VIRIS ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FALSEHOOD and TRUTH, in rival race,
Eternal contrast prove ;
FALSEHOOD speeds on with rapid pace ;
TRUTH scarce appears to move :

FALSEHOOD finds numbers in her course,
Who prompt assistance lend ;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force ;
And Folly stands her friend :

Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift
To help her on her way ;
And Fortune gives her many a lift ;
No matter for foul play :

Yet, after all her efforts try'd,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the victory shall decide,
She'll end—where Truth begun !

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

“ Justice !” a Woman to an Emperor cry’d ;
“ Justice against an Husband’s scorn I crave ;
“ Who, tho’ from morn to night I frown and chide,
“ Nor minds, nor mends, for all th’ advice I
“ gave.”
“ Your tale,” replied the Emperor, “ truth may be ;
“ But pray, good Woman, what is that to me ?”

“ That,” quoth the spiteful Vixen, “ is not all :
“ Suppose yourself the subject of our strife :
“ If right, my Lord, my strong suspicions fall,
“ He cares no more for You, than for his Wife.”
“ That,” said the Emperor, “ may perhaps be
“ true ;
“ But pray, good Woman, what is that to *you* ?”

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

“ PERHAPS,” said a doctor one day to his friend,
“ You remember a tale, which you made me
“ attend :
“ That tale, sir, much more than you think of, has
“ cost :
“ It detain’d me so long, that a patient was lost.”
“ Alas !” quoth the friend, “ I’m quite sorry for
“ that,
“ That your patient should suffer by my idle chat.”

“ Should suffer !”—the doctor replied with a
“ figh,
“ No !—he is the faver !—the sufferer am I !—
“ Nature popt in between, while I slackened my
“ speed ;—
“ And the man was got well, before I could get
“ fee’d.”

*ANOTHER.**MUTATIS MUTANDIS.*

A COWARD’s heart, in common speech, is
Oft said to sink into his breeches ;
Hence fashionable prigs, in hope
To give their sinking hearts more scope,
(While up their sides, in lieu of stays,
Their breeches to their ribs they raise,)
Have instinct’s wise precaution chose,
And sunk them downwards—to their toes !

*ANOTHER.**MUTATIS MUTANDIS.*

Once in a barn, the strolling wardrobe's list
Had but one ruffle left, for HAMLET's wrist :—
Necessity, which has no law, they say,
Could with one ruffle, but one arm display :
“ What's to be done?”—the Hero said, and
sigh'd,—
“ Shift hands each scene,” a brother buskin cry'd :
“ Now in the pocket keep the left from sight,
“ While o'er your breast you spread the ruffled
“ right :
“ Now in your robe the naked right repose,
“ While down your left the dingy cambrick
“ flows :
“ Thus, tho' half-skill'd, as well as half-array'd,
“ You 'll make *one change*—which GARRICK *never*
“ *made.*”

*ANOTHER.**MUTATIS MUTANDIS.*

To cure the gout, one quack, forsooth,
Advises us to draw a tooth.
By similar ratiocination,
Methinks, a counter-operation
So rare a system would adorn—
To cure the tooth-ach—cut a corn !

*ANOTHER.**MUTATIS MUTANDIS.*

WHEN prentic'd fops, in tasty fit,
Their counters and their aprons quit,
And stealing from the shops, they shut,
Half-booted lobby-loungers strut,
With treble cape, and straight toupée,
And nine short inches of wanghee,

Howe'er the change absurd and strange is,
'Tis natural ;—for so Nature changes ;
Forms all at once the Lion's cubs ;
But makes her *Butterflies*—of *Grubs* !

ANOTHER.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A BARBER in a Borough-town, it seems,
Had voted for SIR JOHN, against SIR JAMES.—
SIR JAMES, in angry mood, took Suds aside—
“ Don’t you remember shaving me ?” he cry’d ;
“ Five pieces for five minutes work I gave ;
“ And does not one good turn another crave ?”
“ Yea,” quoth the barber, and his fingers smack’d,
“ I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact :
“ SIR JOHN, on the same score, paid the same
“ price ;
“ But took two shavings—and of course *paid*
“ *twice*.”

*ANOTHER.**MUTATIS MUTANDIS.*

In indenture or deed,
Tho' a thousand you read,
Neither comma nor colon you 'll ken :
A stop intervening
Might determine the meaning ;
And what would the Lawyers do then ?
Chance for change of construction gives chance for
new flaws ;
When the sense is once fix'd, there's an end of the
cause.

*ANOTHER.**MUTATIS MUTANDIS.*

Two Grecian Sophs, with names for verse unfit,
Have contrasted Man's Life, in rival wit :
And if you 'll take translation in good part,
I 'll give you *pro* and *con*—with all my heart.

“ What state on earth,” says one, “ could
“ prudence choose ?
“ In trade, is toil to gain, and fear to lose ;
“ At home are cares ; and labours in the field ;
“ At sea known perils ; and by land conceal’d ;
“ In poverty, distress ; a lonely life
“ Without, and household bondage with, a
“ wife ;
“ Children are troubles ; childless age unblest ;
“ Youth has unruliness ; and age un-rest :
“ ’Twere therefore better sure, in wisdom’s eye,
“ Not to be born ;—or but be born—and die !”
So this grave sage thought proper to decide :
Now, hear th’ estimate on the other side.
“ Thro’ life, what station can the wife refuse ?
“ In public are ambition’s nobler views ;
“ Repose endears retirement ; rustic toils
“ Give zest to nature’s bounties ; nature’s spoils
“ Crown traffic’s efforts ; on a foreign shore
“ Pity unbars each hospitable door ;

“ Poor you ’re unenvied ; in a wife you see
“ A dearer friend ; unmarried you live free ;
“ With children feel a father’s glow ; without,
“ See unsolicitous time’s last sands run out ;
“ In youth you spring robust, and revel gay ;
“ In age enjoy the reverence juniors pay :
“ ’Tis therefore happiest sure, on wisdom’s plan,
“ To be ;—and being, to exist—a Man !”

Wide as the difference of the statements seems,
One little change would reconcile th’ extremes ;
In surly scorn’s, and flattering fancy’s spite,
For Life, read VIRTUOUS LIFE—and all is right.
A Life of Virtue would, in every state,
Have turn’d the balance for whatever fate ;
Would scope, amidst the best and worst below,
For active, or for patient merit show ;—
And on that ground no choice can ever miss ;
For all that leads to Merit—leads to Bliss !

ANOTHER.**PLUS ULTRA.**

SUNDAY, which, by divine behest,
Was first pronounce'd a day of rest,
By fashion's mandate now becomes
A day of hurricanes, routs, and drums.

Can profligacy farther go ?
It can—if not in guilt—in woe :—
Woe, from that very guilt accruing ;
Disgrace—remorse—despair—and ruin.

ANOTHER.**PLUS ULTRA.**

DIAGORAS, an Athenian wight,
A wooden HERCULES made ;
To which at morn, and eke at night,
He constant orisons paid.

Twelve Labours by his Deity wrought,
 In solemn hymns he prais'd ;
 And from such warm devotion thought,
 A powerful patron rais'd.

Year after year, this course he drove ;
 Still pray'd ; still poorer grew ;
 At last the timber son of Jove
 Amidst the flames he threw.

“ My daily theme,” quoth he, “ erewhile,
 “ Thy labours *twelve* have have been ;
 “ Now help the fire my pot to boil ;—
 “ And *that* will make *thirteen* !”

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

VIRTUE's a fund of unexhausted store :
 For there, the very *wish* of more - *is* more !

*ANOTHER.**PLUS ULTRA.*

Our glorious QUEEN Bess, 'tis in story recorded,
At some season more solemn of festival sport,
With the law's highest honours LORD HATTON
rewarded,
For dancing so gracefully nimble at Court.

For integrity, candour, sense, learning, and spirit,
Of each sage, on each bench, we may justly talk
big;

But the QUEEN had, we find, one more standard
of merit ;—

'Twas superior address—*in performing a jig!*

*ANOTHER.**PLUS ULTRA.*

At NOTTINGHAM, says tradition's tale,
They drink off, by the yard, their ale :—

So far, no peril would ensue,
Did none to length add number too,
Extend tradition's tale still more,
And drink the *yards* off—*by the score!*

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

To make a plum-pudding, a French Count once
took
An authentic receipt, from an English Lord's cook:
Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit, and spice,
Of such number, such measure, such weight, and
such price ;
Drop a spoonful of brandy, to quicken the mess ;
And boil it for so many hours—more or less.—
These directions were tried, but when tried had no
good in ;
'Twas all wash and all squash, but 'twas not English
pudding :

And Monsieur in a pet sent a second request,
For the cook that prescrib'd, to assist when 'twas
drest ;
Who of course to comply with his Honour's
beseeching,
Like an old cook of Colebrook, march'd into the
kitchen.

The French cooks, when they saw him, talk'd
loud and talk'd long ;
They were sure all was right ; he could find nothing
wrong :
Till just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
“ Hold your hands ! Hold your hands ! ” scream'd
astonish'd JOHN TROT :
“ Don't you see you want one thing, like fools as
“ you are ? ”
—“ *Vone ting, Sare ! Vat ting, Sare ! ?* ” —“ A PUD-
“ DING CLOTH,—*Sare ! ?* ”

*ANOTHER.***PLUS ULTRA.**

We're often told of Scotchmen's second sight ;
But know not whence the popular notion came ;
If fact, or fable, supernatural light,
Or superstition, gave it first a name.

But this, methinks, may safely be confess,
That putting loss and gain upon a par,
They see most happily, who see plain things best :
Who sees beyond what's visible—sees too far !

*ANOTHER.***PLUS ULTRA.**

A WOMAN, satirists have averr'd,
Will have in all things the last word :
But poets, in satiric rhymes,
Are apt to run a-head sometimes :—

Were half the bards, that ever wrote,
 Chapter and verse oblig'd to quote,
 Not one perhaps of all the set,
 E'er heard a woman's *last word* yet !

ANOTHER.

PLUS ULTRA.

“ DEATH! - - - - -
 “ What art thou, O thou great Mysterious Terror?
 “ The way to thee we know ; diseases, famine,
 “ Fire, sword, and all thy ever-open gates,
 “ Which day and night stand ready to receive us.—
 “ But what’s beyond them ?—who shall draw that veil ?
 “ Yet Death’s not there !”

HUGHES’s *Siege of Damascus*, Act 3.

B EYOND? and who shall draw that veil ?—The Man
 Whom Christian Spirit hath ennobled, can ;
 He from th’ abyss beyond, the veil shall tear ;
 For ’tis HIS TRIUMPH, that DEATH IS NOT THERE !—
 That there, is all sublime Devotion’s scope ;
 All Rest from Sorrow ; all expanse of Hope ;

There Perfect Souls, the path he treads, who
trod;

There IMMORTALITY! there HEAVEN! there GOD!

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

In formâ pauperis, if a plaintiff plead,
Counsel, 'tis said, must give their aid, unfee'd.
“ How then should counsel live ? ” perhaps you 'll
ask :—

O ! never fear it—that's an easy task :—
Tho' paupers ready-made, Law *gratis* takes,
'Tis amply reimburs'd, by paupers which it makes !

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

“ *Whoe'er* cheats me, in purchase, or in price,”
Exclaims old Euclio, “ ne'er shall cheat me
“ twice.”—

The man, it seems, has made his life—his book ;
And his own rule, from his own practice took :
For Euclio, to convince us he's no dunce,
Makes it a point, to cheat *enough—at once!*

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

OLD women, in old times were seen,
As grave records avow ;
What then, perhaps, had witches been,
Are absolute charmers now.

Against the rude assault of age,
Our *modern* antient fair,
On terms infallible engage,
And twofold armour wear.

Ye spiteful years, your furrows trace !
Ye native tints, grow faint !
A coat of paint will hide the face,—
A veil will hide the paint !

*ANOTHER.**QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.*

A VILLAGE thief in penitent strain,

Thus to his priest confess ;—

“ Father, I ‘ve stol’n some sacks of grain !

“ O ! give my conscience rest !”

“ What grain, my son ?” the priest replied,

“ And what was the amount ?”

“ Father, my haste,” the culprit cried,

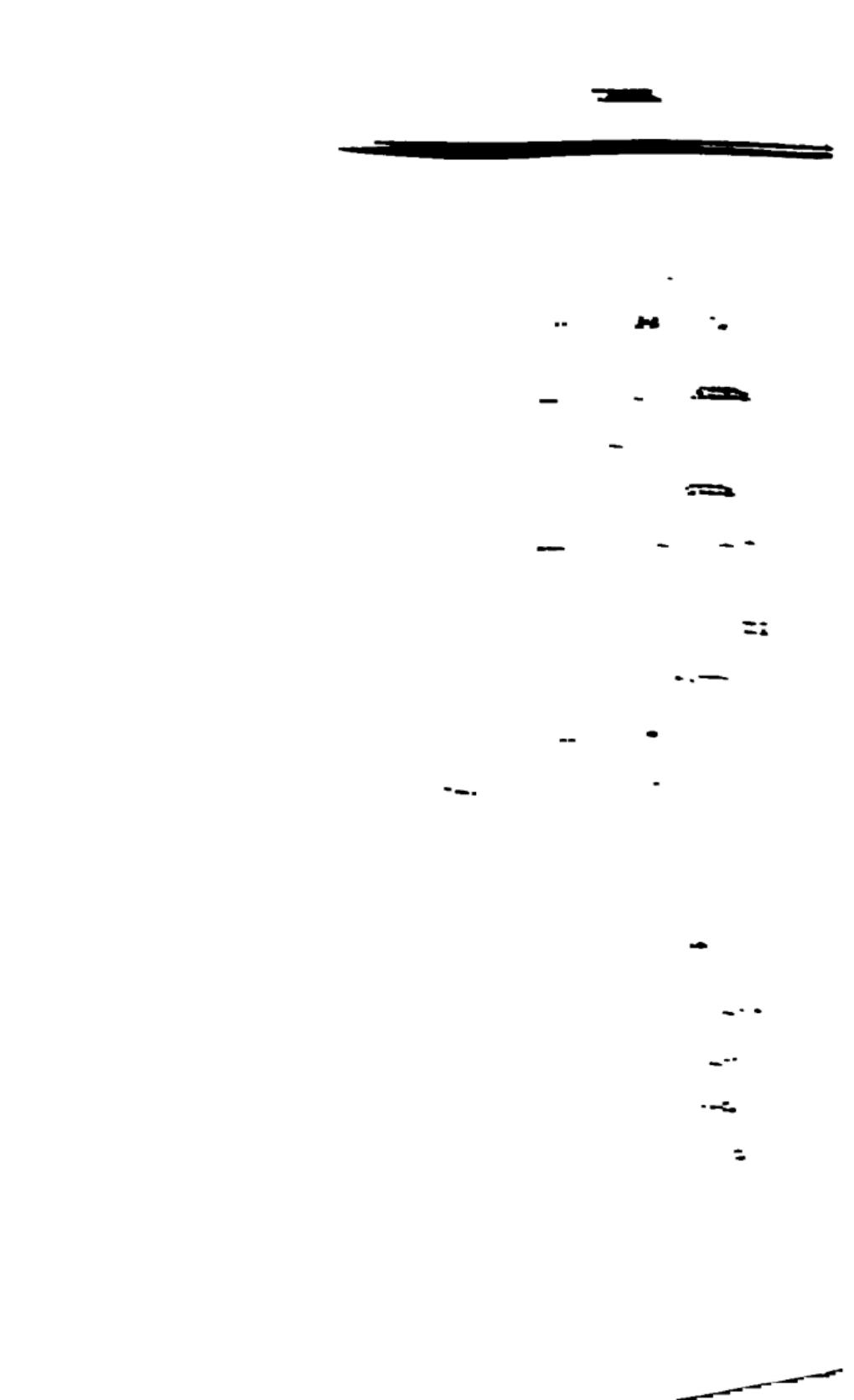
“ Would never let me count :—

“ But, if your reverence thinks it right

“ T’ absolve on trust, this crime,

“ I ’ll try to steal the rest to-night,—

“ And tell you all next time.”



The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
 Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went ;
 " Strict truth," quoth he, " this reverend sage
 declar'd ;
 " I feel conviction,—and will be prepar'd ;—
 " Nor e'er henceforth—since life thus steals away,
 " Give credit for a bet—beyond a day !"

ANOTHER.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A SPECIMEN brief of foreign wit to show,
 As far as my translating skill will go, }
 Tho' I can't sing—I'll say—a FRENCH RONDEAU.
 With two black eyes—that might a saint inflame,
 The jilt NANNETTE caught STREPHEON by
 surprise ;
 But when the youth, enamour'd of the dame,
 Requested love for love, and sighs for sighs,
 She frown'd, squall'd, cuff'd,—and sent him
 whence he came,—
 With two black eyes !

*ANOTHER.**QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.*

A QUACK in GREECE, in hopes to mend the
breed,

Resolv'd his Son, *at least*—should learn to read :
So hir'd the best grammarian of the age,
To teach the youngster HOMER's lofty page.
The terms all settled, all the needful done,
The book was bought, and thus the boy be-
gun ;—

- ‘ The wrath of PELEUS’ Son, the direful spring
- ‘ Of all the GRECIAN woes, O Goddess sing !
- ‘ That wrath which hurl’d to PLUTO’s gloomy
 reign
- ‘ The souls of mighty Chiefs untimely slain * !’
- “ Untimely slain !”—the pupil stopt and cry’d—
- “ Is then this pains and pay, for that apply’d ?

* Pope’s Translation.

“ HOMER, farewell ! What need thro’ verse to
“ roam ?
“ We ’ve plenty of *untimely slain*, at home !
“ Away with this vexatious “ A, B, C !”—
“ My father’s *practice*—is enough for me !”

ANOTHER.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

Poor Dick, when chatty, and when dumb,
Still holds his wife in equal dread ;
He breaks *her heart*, if he looks glum ;—
And if he speaks—she breaks *bis head* !

ANOTHER.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

In MILTON’s, and in DRYDEN’s time,
'Twas doubtful, if blank verse, or rhyme,

Serv'd Poetry's purpose best :
And much good learning and good sense,
In aid of either fide's pretence,
Was *pro* and *con* address.

The question, after all this pains,
Tho' chang'd in form, in force remains,
As puzzling as at first :
'Tis just as hard a thing to say,
If rhyme, or blank verse, in *our* day,
Serve Poetry's purpose *worst* !

ANOTHER.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IN patient mood, while King ALPHONSUS heard
A formal orator tedious plans propose,
A fly parading round the Monarch's beard,
Perch'd unmolested on the royal nose.—

Say, ye who balance things in reason's scale,
 Does Magnanimity soar a pitch more high,
 When Majesty listens to a trifler's tale ?—
 Or when Humanity scorns to hurt a fly ?

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHEN ATHENS, in the age of Grecian fame,
 Scorn'd NEPTUNE's, to prefer MINERVA's claim,
 The affronted Deity in revenge decreed,
 Their City none but Fools thenceforth should breed.
 Th' award severe past Destiny's great seal,
 Whose final fiat, nothing can repeal.

Such doom, dire vengeance on the ATHENIANS
 brought :—

Now hear what PALLAS in their favour wrought !
 “ The words,” she said, “ which NEPTUNE’s wrath
 “ has spoke,
 “ I neither can reverse,—nor he revoke ;—

" But tho' forever Fools they must remain,
" I'll make your sons, a Philosophic Train."
So said, so done—and from that moment pair'd,
Philosophy, and *Folly*, *ATHENS* shar'd!—

Had this event in these our days occur'd,
Perhaps you would not think it quite absurd,
If some such such simple news-monger as I,
Should ask, how far from GREECE might PARIS lie?

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

EAGER some doleful tale to quote,
JOHN CROAKER sighs, and shrugs ;
Seizes a button of my coat ;
And as he talks, he tugs :—

Two jobs meanwhile are going on,
By JOHN's long-winded plea ;
For sure as e'er I hear friend JOHN,
My Taylor—hears from me !

*ANOTHER.***AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.**

“ All things,” said JOHN one day to JOYCE,
 “ Present two handles to our choice ;
 “ And wisdom’s province, ’tis confess,
 “ Is ever to prefer the best :
 “ So moral theorists decide.”—
 “ Perhaps they may,” tart JOYCE reply’d ;
 “ With theory I have nought to do ;
 “ But practice,—I appeal to you,—
 “ Practice, dear JOHN, will prove you judge ill ;
 —“ How many handles has my cudgel ?”—

*ANOTHER.***AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.**

WHILE BRITAIN’s arms, by sea and land,
 Our tars and soldiers bear,
 Their country boasts a generous band,
 Which makes their cause, its care.

To sooth the widow'd mother's grief,
And dry the orphan's tears,
A liberal fund of prompt relief,
Subscribing affluence rears.

This ENGLAND owes to manly zeal,
Nor owes to that alone ;
Ladies for their defenders feel,
And Patriot spirit own.

History ! when thy recording page
Our Heroes brings to view,
Keep for the Heroines of the age
A space to merit due !—

To merit, whose alternate fame
Includes the Brave and Fair ;—
And proves our Men no praise can claim
But what our Women share !

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

OUR smarts (so much refin'd the modern speech is)
Say “**INEXPRESSIBLES**,” instead of **BREECHES**.
In English this may do ;—if French you quote,
The word but half describes—a *sans Culotte* !
Would you in adequate terms state his condition,
Add t’other half to clinch your definition :
BREECHES to him are absolute *Incompatibles*,
Both **INEXPRESSIBLES**, and—**UN-COME-AT-ABLES** !

ANOTHER.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A FARMER, as records report,
Most hugely discontented,
His vicar at the bishop’s court,
For gross neglect presented.

“ Our former priest, my lord,” he said,

“ Each Sunday the year round,

“ Some GREEK, in his discourses read,

“ And charming was the sound !

“ Not such our present parson’s phrase ;

“ No GREEK does he apply ;

“ But says in English all he says,

“ As you might speak, or I.

“ And yet for this so simple style,

“ He claims each tithe and due ;

“ Pig, pippins, poultry, all the while,

“ And Easter-offerings too !”

“ You ’re skill’d in languages, I guess,”

“ Th’ amaz’d diocesan cry’d ;

“ I know no language more or less,”

The surly clown reply’d : —

“ But GREEK, I ’ve heard the learned say,
 “ Surpasses all the rest ;
 “ And since ’tis for the best we *pay*,
 “ We ought to *have* the best !”

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

BENEATH the sun’s meridian ray,
 Along the rivulet’s brim,
 The playful insects of a day,
 In busy myriads skim :

Being, begun with morning’s light,
 With evening’s shade will close ;
 So brief, so limited, is their flight ;
 Yet all pure joy it shows.

What better to their little kind,
 Could partial Nature give,
 Than pastime on their spot to find ;
 And while life lasts—to live ?

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

OUR fashionable belles and beaus,
 With all their fight entire,
 Stick up a glass before their nose ;
 And each becomes a *Spyer*.

Hail times ! Hail ton ! Hail taste refin'd !
 Which makes ev'n failings please !
 And finds a joy in being *blind*—
To every thing one sees !

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

To save your bones, and yet indulge your wit,
 Observe two universal rules !
 Laugh at the popular *Follies*, till you split ;
 But never quarrel with the *Fools* !

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

OUR grumbling politicians cry,
 Old ENGLAND's basis stands awry ;—

Mend this, they say ; mend that ; mend t'other !
Spare, spare, good people, your concern ;
Let THIS OLD ENGLAND serve your turn ;—
Till you can show us SUCH ANOTHER !

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

SEE ! where unhous'd, at ease reclin'd,
The strolling beggar lies !
Sleep, the great leveller of mankind,
Treads lightly o'er his eyes !

While haughty hearts, and crafty heads,
In watchful agony live,
While pride sighs on embroider'd beds,
For what no pride can give,—

Perhaps wealth, pleasures, conquests, crowns,
Engage *bis* present hour ;—
An hour, which real feelings drowns
T' invigorate fancy's power !

Thus, all distinctions life can make,
An equal balance keep ;
Some are the dreams—of men awake !
And some—of men asleep !

ANOTHER.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

BRITAIN has known, in many a well-fought day,
Her UNION FLAG to victory lead the way.
Yet never did that UNION FLAG avow
A more expressive Type of Her, than now !
Now—when her universal ardour proves
Her QUEEN, the woman she reveres—her KING,
the man she loves.

Oh ! long ! long ! sacred, may that Banner stand !
Glory, at once, and Emblem of her Land !
Still may she boast—and still the Nations see—
Freedom so loyal ! Loyalty so free !—

For Worth so thron'd, such popular Union shown !—
And popular Union's zeal, perpetuate such a
Throne !

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφαίλαι.

THRO' the streets, on May-day, you have seen,
without doubt,
In footy procession, a chimney-sweep rout,
With a garland of bushes parade ;
Drest in barrister's three-tail'd perukes from Rag-fair,
With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper ware,
And chalk-paint on their chubby cheeks laid.
Thus gaily bedight, they jump jigs at your door ;
And a concert of shovel and brush goes before !

If ever you laugh, you to laugh must be sturr'd,
At exertions so awkward, and pride so absurd,

With so trifling advantage in view :
 But should you advise, with however grave face,
 Any one to abandon his music and lace,
 He would laugh as profusely, at you !—
 In comparative importance, thro' life's whole
 career,
We are all, to ourselves,—that we think we appear !

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφανται

Why sleeps, benumb'd, th' accomplish'd mind,
 When social good craves virtue's zeal ?
 Whoe'er can benefit mankind,
 Is Heaven's trustee, for human weal.

To hide true worth from public view,
 Is burying diamonds in their mine :—
 All is not gold, that shines, 'tis true ;
 But all that *is* gold—*ought to shine !*

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφαίδαι.

ONCE every year, an infant band,
Whom public charity's fost'ring hand
Hath led to truths divine,
Beneath one roof arrang'd to raise
Devotion's voice to Deity's praise,
In choral unison join.

Say where beside has harmony found
In such a group, so sweet a sound ?
Say, where beside does earth unite
With sound so sweet—so rich a sight ?

ANOTHER.

Καλα πεφαίδαι.

MARK, how the expiring taper's rays,
Their radiance to protract,
Shoot into momentary blaze,—
And perish, in the act !

So, when in mortal agony's thrall,
Departing Virtue lies,
Brief bursts of splendour grace its fall !
It *sparkles* — as it *dies* !

T H E E N D.















